CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

IS SPIRIT THE ULTIMATE OF MATTER?

The observations which we so repeatedly hear at Conferences and in the conversations of some Spiritualists, that *Spirit is the ultimate of matter*, had it is presumed, its origin from the writings of Mr. A. J. Davis. In the grand Harmonia Physician, *page* 47, we read as follows: "The modes of action just classified which characterize the manner in which the Deity *as a substance* acts upon substance conspire to impress the following conclusions, viz: that the Deity is himself an organized substance, yea organized upon anatomical, physiological, mechanical, chemical, electric, magnetic, and Spiritual principles," this is in fact saying that God is nothing more nor less than a man; further on, *page* 48, "God must himself be organized before he can breathe forth organizations, and that he must embody in himself the principles of all these modes of action, before there would be any such actions or processes in Nature as are everywhere presented." If Mr. Davis means to say that God is a something and substance, but contradistinguished from matter, then it is possible to understand his theory. But to say that he is an organized substance infers a creation, and that principles are inherent in matter and that it was the primal source and origin of all things.

If God can only exercise the creative will because himself a substance and having the principles by which combinations are made innate in himself, and because of his substance or matter nature forms other substances, it is saying, that having the material substance of his own will, then by that will all things were formed. This involves a contradiction, making creation dependent upon God's material or substance nature rather than upon his Spiritual nature. One of three things must be certain, either that Spirit and matter were co-eternal, and that form was present in matter by the action of, and infusion of the Spiritual will; or that matter was the primal source of all, and God was formed from the etherealization of its elements, it being self active, or that originally all was Spirit; and matter as we understand the phrase, was called into being by the soul action of the Spiritual will, in other words, that thought or mind is the only true substance, and the material presentments are but the results of thought or mind. To say that God being a substance and so acts on substances (matter) is in fact to say that the table which is formed by the skill of the artisan, had an existence in him; in his thought truly then it was the thought, *i. e.* the action of his Spiritual being which was the thing, the table but the result of its action. The artisan moulded the materials he found, did not create them, but created and presented the form. The poet images in words the very existence of things, and his glowing presentments impress on the tablets of the mind the very things he describes, and in the imagination the things are present, actual, and real, even as the material things he has by words embodied. We know the scene he has presented does not exist, yet how the feelings are excited, the tears of sympathy will roll down the cheeks at the tale of imaginary wrong. The soul thrills even in its most interior fibres at the narrative of the heroic exertions of a man to free his country from tyranny, and so through all those other phases of feeling so dear to the true sensibilities of man. Here then we have a Spiritual existence created by Spiritual action, and only because of its finity unembodied in a material presentment. But when with this action in our minds we contemplate the natnre and existence of God, consider that he is all wisdom and power; is it not possible to conceive that all creation may be the result of his Spiritual will?

I took the pen not to discuss what God is, but to show that he is not, viz: etherealized matter.—I could not presume to embody the existence of God, because I know a finite intelligence can never grasp the wondrous reality of infinitude, but still it is a legitimate course to trace his existence in those organizations which are with us; of our material natures, and so a part of ourselves, and to trace in these organizations the presence of design, and when we find design, the mind naturally enquires for the designer, and still tracing the sequence of material things is lost in the contemplation of the perfectness and endlessless of the variety, and only desists from the enquiry by the conviction that the finite mind of man cannot grasp and arrange the infinite perfection to be found throughout all nature.

The favorers of MATERIAL SPIRITUALISM, if such a contradictory union may be permitted, will retort on me, aye, and in all the assurance of victory ask if then Spirit is not etherealized matter, what is it? I might say an essense and a substance, but not matter, but would rather say I do not know; but then, when I say I cannot define Spirit, I have a right to the antagonistic query, and demand of them a definition of matter, and this it strikes me, unless matter is reduced to its very narrowest confines, would be an utter impossibility, for immediately matter is presented in an organization, the Spirit power is present also, and by which only I say matter has existence. Even if we go to the simple elements, they are composed of atoms, even these atoms in themselves have no cohesion, but through the Spiritual action of power, but are dispersed and exist as the very thinnest ether, not palpable to the touch, cognisable to the sight, not present to the taste, not to be perceived by the smell, not exciting the ear, and not even to be discerned by sensation, then here, so far as the senses are concerned, is annihilation; sight, smell, taste, touch, hearing, and even sensation are nought, and yet they can all be embodied, all again can be real by the action of the mind. Sensation has then again power, and all the material senses are restored and active; and yet at the same time, there is no material presentment. What action shall we then call this, is it material or Spiritual?

Are not the true Spiritualists grieved when this brand of materialism is cast upon them as a reproach by the outside world? If they deny materialism is a Spiritual doctrine, is it not a fair retort, when it is said the speakers upon your own platforms say Spirit is the ultimate of matter, and as they cannot understand God, they cannot define him. So then, it might be replied, is a definition of God necessary for the interior perception. The fact is that each mind defines God according as his Spiritual perceptions are opened, and he who does not understand Spiritual action clothes and presents God in a material action, yet not the less to his comprehension God! And so in material things the mind only realizes even material things as is the intelligence active. The highest conceptions of the Deity even with the Spiritual perceptions opened, do not realize his essence, because of the material clog with which the Spirit of man is cased, and all our searchings and ponderings only lead to the conclusion that man in his endeavor to embody the Deity arrives only at the great POSITIVE TRUTH that the intelligence of man is *finite*. Are we, because wonders have been revealed to a man, and he has been impelled by a supernatural agency, are we to believe that the all of God, or even of nature has been disclosed to him? And because Mr. Davis has eminent clairvoyant powers, are we to suppose he has penetrated into the inmost of being? Can we think his Spirit has had uninterrmitted and immediate communion with the mind of God, through which all things should be known to him. If we cannot receive this, then are we bound to view all his revealments in the very searchings of reason, and because of the earthly tabernacle of the Spirit we must know that his presence is clouded. If that which he says is unhesitatingly to be received, then we fall into the sectarian gulf, the error of the churches, then are we relying upon authority, the *say so* of man. This we must not do, we must exert that gift God has given us, *reason*, and by such Spiritual perceptions as we may have, unthread his enravelments.

The sentiments of the speakers and writers upon Spiritualism we know are individual opinions, but this the outside world do not know; they look on their pulpit speakers and theological writers as bound to preach and write according to the general tenets of the particular faith, and thus they are led to generalize, believing Spiritualists are bound by the same rule, not discerning that each speaker or writer announces his individual opinion, and for which he is accountable to none but himself and the future. They cannot realize that Spiritualism is a republicanism of faith, an universal freedom, for good or ill as it may be. Then this being so, how careful should men be not to propound opinions, even although imparted to them by the Spirits, until they had well weighed them, and not because a startling thought, or that which they conceive an original view is given, bruit it to the world. Have Spiritualists discarded sectarianism only to make sects? Is their desire only to be esteemed as priests and prophets amongst their fellows? Is the individual self to continue the object of idolatry? Should they not be careful of heaping a reproach on that they deem their Israel. With these reflections I would say, that men especially if they have a *status* with the body should be careful of not propounding an opinion, unless it can stand the test of the most searching investigation; nay I would say, unless their propounding can be reduced to a *sylogism*, it should not have a public utterance.

Spirit is said to be the ultimate of matter; let us test this by what natural lights we have. It follows then, if this proposition is true, that Spirit is sublimed matter, then each atom composing the universe is capable of this sublimation, and that because matter can have no precedence in itself.—Are we then to say that this sublimation is to be *collective?* No! because in saying so, God could have no existence until every particle of matter in its sublimed form was gathered to constitute his perfection. We all believe that God has an existence, and that the human soul has an existence. This question then follows: Is God a finite or an infinite being? If finite, then is he only the equal of man, then capable of error, of variations of purpose, and subject to all those failings which we know are the incidents of humanity.

Now, let us for a moment, cast our glance into nature, and see if we can anywhere detect this finality of purpose. If in any part of creation we can detect aught which shows that he is less than infinite

The naturalist whose province is to survey the varied forms he finds within its bosom, scans each formation in the minuteness of exactness, calling in the aids of science to help his investigation; the microscope is directed to the finer tissues of the animal and vegetable kingdom, and his researches only expose the perfectness of order, and this is found to pervade the minute developments as well as the grand presentments. And his researches result in showing that there is a design throughout all, and the adaptation of laws to the necessities of organism, and these laws in like conformation always present.

The philosopher who reasons upon the effects the naturalist finds, sees that these effects, because so uniform, must have resulted from design, an embodyment of the great directing intelligence, for all shows one vast and complete design, stretching up from the merest atom until it reaches those stupendous structures whirling in space, known by scientific analysis to be suns and systems, and seeing these congregated grandeurs, he views this world, our earth with all its gorgeous variety in comparison with the whole but as a grain of sand. Our sun with his planets and comets whirling within his sphere but as an unit in one greater, which is again sweeping on in the silence of its order, circle within circle, each around its common centre, and so from the farthest verge to the centre of creation. We gaze on the sun, and think it the greatest of the heavenly bodies, but science has shown that so small is it in comparison with other bodies, that it forms but one of those fleecy streaks of light on the outer edge of that which common parlance terms the milky way, ("*via lacta.*")—Herschel presented his glass towards the Heavens, and saw firmament beyond firmament, each with its millions of systems, and desisted from the grandest presentment then first given to a mortal with the impression that all this harmonious commingling of power, was the effect of the creative will. Where then in this inscrutable and unchanging order are we to look for the finity of the Almighty, and yet, if he be but matter sublimed, he cannot be infinite until all these atoms are absorbed, or rather etherealized, and when shall this occur, each globe occupying millions of billions or range of figures which is impossible for human comprehension to grasp.

This is viewing the argument in its very magnificence, let us now take the other view, for *if Spirit is the ultimate of matter*, one or the other must be true. We must now seek for God in a spiritualized atom, that which science has shown us always exists in its individualized character, and is unchanged. Are we not, then, compelled to say that each atom is capable of this sublimation, and that each atom can become a God; then in this myriad number, in this diversity of Infinite intelligences, where would be the harmony of Nature? for this harmony is to be found in all things, and is as positive as the existence of Nature. We cannot select and say this is a God, and that is not. We say God is Infinite, therefore not collective, in the sense of atomic material sublimation. We know he is Infinite because of the perfectness of design, we see there is no contradiction, no inharmonious dissonance in Nature, and this harmony could have resulted from no power less than an Infinite one. Do what science will, subject matter to what tests it will, it in its atomic formations is still unchanged, still exists as the same element; for combinations are only so many individual atoms of different elements arranged according to the laws of numerical harmony. Their weight continues the same, their substance continues the same. *What then is the etherealization or sublimation?* Does not this reasoning prove that Spirit has nothing to do with matter, so far as deriving being from it.

The natural truths which science has disclosed to man, were once deemed to be impossibilities, and were looked upon as the effects of magic, but to the matured science of the now time, such results are the merest baby play of the laboratory.

Caloric has never been collected, it is only known to have existence by results; it is imponderable; impalpable to the sight, and only recognizable to the touch by the sensation of warmth, and yet in its effects the philosopher sees without its presence, Nature could not have been. Is this the etherealized matter? If so, then is it partially subject to the power of man, to be increased or lessened at will, but never to be wholly driven away. This is sufficient to show that it is not the Spirit we are seeking, and this would have force, even if caloric was single in its characteristic, but in Nature we see other imponderable forces or principles; there are besides Electricity, Magnetism, and possibly Gravitation, and Repulsion, it may be others.—There is also Inertia, God as we understand him is an Unity. Which, then, of these imponderables are we to select to represent him? Is it clear we cannot find this sublimation here? then where else in matter are we to seek it; not that I admit that these imponderables are matter, nor do I say they are Spirit,—using the words matter and Spirit in the generally accepted sense. Where again do I say in all this do we find God? "If the Deity were an "organized substance," then is his perfection only by progression, and is therefore capable of being augmented each moment. With an "organized substance," time and space are both cognizable. Time and space imply finity, have they aught to do with God? Nor can it be said that God is progressive, because in Nature we see progression; for this progression is only the elimination of the one grand design; and Nature is so arranged, each particle is so dependent the one on the other, that it would seem that when the first atom was projected, that the ultimate of existence was present in the mind of the Creator, and this because of the dependence of each atom on the other. It does not follow because God is Infinite that he should immediately have projected the perfectness of form, the inquiry would seem to be natural, what is perfectness of form, Harmony? If harmony of conformation, then it is found in the minutest thing which has being on the face of the earth. If development, then it could not be without harmony, and then the sequences of creation were necessary. It does not follow that because the whole universe was not flung into being at one instant, that therefore God had not the power to consummate in a moment his will. If God is infinite, then has he all power. Little, then, can we know of him, until that time when the Spirit freed from its mortality, and is accepted to perfectness, shall then in the reality of knowledge, be enabled with undazzled gaze, to search into the Infinite relations of Infinity! S. B.

New York, March 18, 1855.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

A VOICE TO THE INNER LIFE.

As the facts of Spiritualism become daily more numerous and irresistable, and the public mind, which has so obstinately ignored and denied them, begins to yield a reluctant assent, it behooves those who have entered somewhat into the *Spirit and life* of the new unfolding, to let their light shine with purest radiance. The weary multitudes who have so long trod the wilderness of barren creeds, and tried in vain to satisfy the cravings of their higher nature with dry husks and empty shells, are beginning to turn with earnest cries for the true bread which satisfieth and the living water whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst. And who shall feed and guide them, and from what store shall they be filled?

It is written of our Lord, that he had compassion on the multitude because they had been now a long time with him, and had nothing to eat. Therefore, said he to his disciples, "*Give* ye them to eat." Speaks not that voice to any now? But *what* shall we give? What but that which we receive? Of ourselves we have nothing wherewith to satisfy so great a multitude. The meagre loaves and fishes which we brought out with us when we left our old associations, what are they among so many? The narrow stock of our own goods and truths, will these satisfy the pressing throngs? They are not even sufficient for ourselves. The people faint and we famish with them if we have no other sustenance. And yet, in our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. The little that we have, if divinely blessed and made the expression and medium of heavenly faith and charity, becomes an abundance, with which all are satisfied.

He that will bring his heart and life into divine order that he may receive inwardly and from above, becomes inwardly enriched and capable of all benefactions. He receives, in purified and holy vessels, life from the Fountain of Life, unlike those who draw from broken cisterns that cannot hold the living waters. The germs of noble virtues that lie latent in every heart, like seeds in rudest soils, mature and fructify where fall the evening dews and morning rays from realms above. To be a benefactor of his kind man must be true to the inner sources of his inspirations. He must live the life of the Spirit, if he would be a medium for Spiritual truth. It is not sufficient to allow his hand to be moved or his organization to be controlled by Spirits, or even to open his interiors to the varied and mixed influences of the Spirit-word. One might as well go about seeking some one still in the body to psychologize or magnetize him.—The phenomena in either case may be interesting and instructive if rightly improved. But who would expect to attain to the sources of wisdom by such weak external aid? And in fact we find that the magnetic subject and the ordinary Spiritual medium give results of about the same value.—"Nature's Divine Revelations" may be considered as the fairest specimen of the former, and the earlier productions of R. P. Ambler an excellent illustration of the latter. I know of nothing in *clairvoyance* superior to the best things of A. J. Davis, and many of the communications published in the *Spirit Messenger*, were as sonorous, dignified, and apparently philosophical, as any that we have seen upon the same plane. The law of progression, as illustrated by those who have pursued these methods, does not seem to have prevailed. And everywhere we find that the Spiritual papers publish less and less from Spirits, and seem to have a decided preference for the productions of men in the body. Books made up wholly of Spiritual communications are carefully eschewed by Spiritual publishers; it needs the prestige of an influential name to procure for them either the privilege of types or a ready sale. The stereotype plates of works professedly by Spirits are now at a discount, there being little demand for pabulum of that sort. Spiritualists have outgrown much of the literature of Spiritualism. The earlier lights have gone out, or gleam dimly in the distance, like the shore-beacons on the outward bound. We find ourselves in the open sea of thought and boundless inquiry. It becomes us, then, to look well to the compass within, and keep our eye upon the polar star.

There is also a more excellent and certain way for those who are willing to wait and who dare to make thorough the work of preparation;—viz., to be opened to the Spirit-world only as they become Spiritually minded, to hold conscious intercourse with Spirits only as they become inwardly quickened and unfolded to discern the true character of those with whom they communicate, to feel that reliance is not to be placed upon Spirits, as such, but upon that divine voice audible in the inmost of every human soul. Such learn that Spirits, to be worthy of trust, must also be mediums for a wisdom higher than their own. There is but one absolute celestial Luminary, and even the angels, like the planets, shine only by reflected light. If then we have within our breast a receptacle of that divine Light, that Life of life, as we become purified and transformed from the desires of the selfhood into the image and likeness of Him whose essence is pure Love and whose manifestation is Light, we discern, being thus illuminated, the true nature of Spirits and the doctrines they communicate. The diamond cuts all things but itself; the morning radiance not only dims the stars but reveals the purity of each feebler blaze.

Thus Spirit-communion becomes Divine communion. We see this also in the letter of the Word where the angel of the Lord, and Jehovah God are so intermingled that the mere external mind is often confused and stumbled at the communication. To the Spiritualist, conversant with interior realities, all is plain and easily explicable. At one moment the Seer beholds the Angel illuminated and glorified, transfigured and burning in ineffable brightness; and trembling, he exclaims, I have seen the angel of God; suddenly the Divine Presence becomes so overwhelming and transcendant that the angel form is obscured and forgotten, and the awe-inspired Prophet recognizes only the manifestation of the Infinite.

"He must increase, but I must decrease," said the inspired harbinger of the Christian Dispensation. The Creator and not the creature, the infinitely Unrevealable and not the finite revelator, must be adored and worshipped. The external even of Revelation may be rolled together as a scroll and pass away, ere the new heaven and the new earth shall appear; but the inner sense, like the immortal Spirit, survives the outward wreck.—Spirits will never cease to communicate; the manifestations will increase in power and sublimity; but relatively they will be deemed of less importance. There is both an objective and a subjective unfolding, and in a Spiritual age both are eminent, but the latter pre-eminent. We are fast progressing towards the condition of a spiritualized humanity. The interiors of men are becoming so opened that they receive and assimilate the influxes from above, as the flowers absorb the evening dews and morning showers. Spirits, as such, were at first exceedingly prominent, but they have ceased to be regarded as infallible. In the end they will be esteemed but as mediums of heavenly wisdom; as elder brethren, and advanced fellow students in the infinite Arcana of the Divine Unfolding.

There is, however, a still more excellent and interior way. God manifests himself mediately through Angels and worlds of blissful Spirits, more remotely through outward Nature and the visible universe; but immediately and specially, through the inmosts, unto each of His children.—My brother's God cannot be wholly my God, for he but transmits that which he is unfolded to receive. Nature, transcendantly beautiful and full of wonder as she is, is still colder and more distant. The orphaned heart is not satisfied with beholding her smiling face. The sister's voice, though from the Spirit-land, soothes not the dying ear. The finite can only be sustained by the Infinite, reposing in the everlasting arms. In this faith saints have lived and martyrs died. Sages and heroes who still survive in fable and story have drawn their highest life from this inmost inspiration. Without it the efforts of men and Spirits are weak and inefficient. Secondary inspiration and the calm sweet influences of fairest scenes in Nature cannot elevate the Spirit to its highest aspirations. They are table lands and sun-lit hills on which the Spirit loves to linger, but it is only upon the loftiest mountain heights, with nought between it and heaven, that the soul inspires the very life-breath of the Eternal, and longs to dwell forever.

Therefore—to revolve once more the current thought of this essay—since the world becomes the broad field for the insemination of Spiritual truth and the famished multitudes coming up from every side, demand bread that satisfieth and living water, and since the common clairvoyance and the lower forms of Spirit-intercourse cannot supply this; since we ourselves coming from the same land of destitution and famine have little to give of our own; we must if we would enrich others, go to the true and inexhaustible stores. We must come into *rapport* by absolute self-renunciation, by the regeneration of our own interiors, with the purer sources of interior life. The heart must be prepared as a vessel holy and consecrate to heavenly influences. Thus shall we be lifted and able to receive gifts for ourselves and others. Nor must we rely upon Spirits as such; they too must be quickened and inspired from above, uttering not their own words but His that sent them. Farther as there is an inward or subjective unfolding as well as an objective, and since the former must predominate in a Spiritual age, or era of the world's manhood, we are to seek that inward quickening, that we may each know and perceive the true character of Spirits and their teachings. This is the discernment of the wise; ordinary clairvoyance and mere phenomenal ghost-seeing may be but the lying vision of fools. What is called the psychometric faculty,—which has many other functions besides reading characters from autograph letters, or locks of hair applied to the top of the forehead or pit of the stomach,—must be alert and vigilant, like a sentinel at his post. Still there is a more perfect way, a diviner height, an inmost unfolding, which the Spirit may attain. As all other ties seem cold and distant compared to that more sacred union that binds to the elect of the heart, so intercourse with Spirit-friends, and even angelic communion, is as the outer courts of the Temple compared with glory of the inner shrine. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lions passed by it. * * * Destruction and Death say we have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof."

What then shall we say in conclusion but that each turn more and more inwardly to the true and living way. The natural senses are the lowest avenues of knowledge. The external rational faculties are arched above them, as the visible heavens above the natural earth. The Spiritual perceptions, the purer intuitions, are as the invisible realms of happy Spirits forever veiled from the grosser sight of mortals. But the soul in its inmost corresponds to the regions of celestial day.—Let us then be content with nothing less than the purer and more perfect forms of inspiration—tarry not in all the plain but flee to the surer mountains, whence dawns the morning light.

"There is an ever-present FRIEND with man,
From Him the Spirit of our life began.
He walketh with us. Would we walk with Him,
Our feet would never tire, nor eyes grow dim.
Angelic choirs from out the morning sky
Would shine and sing, and we should never die;
But rise, attired in lustre like the sun,
The heavenly life of perfect love to run."

S. E. B.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

SUNLIT OPENINGS.

FROM MY SKETCH BOOK.

MARCH, 1855.

The brilliant skies of the far West—the depth of coloring that used to make our hearts in their dullest moments glow with enthusiasm—we have longed for as a poet longs for winsome, radiant words wherewith to encage and retain the thoughts that wing their life through his dreamland. But to-day there is as joyous a blue sky glancing at us as we e'er beheld in Iowa;—and the tasseled branches of the leafless willow, the branchlets and twigs of the garden trees grown supple wrestling with wintry winds, seem in the ecstasies of their motion to think so too.

We have a very fine green-house in this part of Brooklyn, which in company with a botanical friend we visited a few days ago. After such a visit, one for days carries a mystic light which seems to illume for them some long-forgotten journey in enchanted land. Shadowy reminiscences haunt you of a ramble in "Araby the Blest," among the hanging gardens of Persia, or the wild and graceful scenery of Arcadia.

The growth of many climes held converse under that glass roof. When the moonlight fell softly from the night-heavens, and their shadows mingled together in the quiet light wild mystic tales they whispered each other of their native land—of their Oasis home amid the sparkling sands of the desert—of the purple mist of mountains through which their bright buds had opened, and of the sacred waters which refreshed them in the Orient. But the gem there among that wealth of beauty—the most joyous thing was a yellow blooming Acacia. Wondrous thoughts came to me as I looked upon it, rejoicing as it seemed to be in its existence, as the eager heart of a traveller to whom a new world was unfolding. Bayard Taylor's heart, I imagined, in its most invigorated, exhilarated moments, when he felt life such a joy, such an elixir of happiness beneath the yellow glow of the desert sun, or when floating on the Nile like some regal water lily, bearing in its bosom a company of singing birds, expressed no more the glory of life than that glad Acacia. It was as though the vibrations of a ringing laugh had suddenly blossomed. The golden rays of sunset, seen through the dewy fringe of the rainbow, resembled it,—so might an angel's hallelujah, could it flower on earth. Longer and clearer sang the birds, whose cages hung where they could see the "Acacia wave her yellow hair."

For a moment I thought how many of earth's released spirits must be floating and singing among the perfumed flowers that surrounded it.

But I remembered soon that the land in which they breathed must be fragrant with the breath of Jehovah, and with the prayers, that like holy incense, had ascended thither for long ages; that the River of Life must have watered into bloom flowers far transcending earth's most luxuriant creations. And I knew that those unseen dwellers in that radiant land brought us hourly from thence the brightest and sweetest buds they could gather.

I write as I feel, rather transcendental, to-day; but no matter, we ever have plenty of matter-of-fact, so I will indulge myself. In the evening after our visit to the Conservatory, we went to the meeting of Spiritualists, at the Tabernacle. It is a grand sight to see that fine amphitheatre filled to its capacity, every inch of aisle and passage-way occupied. A magnificent Spirit Circle is thus formed. But to have every individual heart heave and respond in unison with the soul utterance of one man is grander still. We had all that. T. L. Harris, it seemed to me, was my Acacia, endowed with language.

The nervous force and elegance of his appeal thrilled his audience with its wild grace. As the winds stirred the pendant stems of the Arabian plant with its myriad flowers, so angels fanned and agitated his thoughts until their sparkling beauty and truthfulness was felt by all.

Mr. Harris spiritualised his hearers. The scepticism and mockery which, in the beginning of his address marred the countenances of many, changed under his lightning touch into glad faith and inspiration. And I feel this to be certain—if he had spoken on any of the popular subjects of the day—if the anti-Slavery cause had been the one he had advocated with such earnest eloquence, such undeniable evidence in its favor, the New York press had poured forth ecstatic praise over his genius and his masterly effort. S. H.

Brooklyn East.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PAPER?

We are occasionally reminded that our paper does not arrive at its destination by seeing on the wrapper or margin of our exchanges the query, "why don't you exchange?" and once or twice something like the following has met our astonished gaze, while searching for "light, more light:".

"Where is the Christian Spiritualist of New York? We have not seen a number for four weeks—have the Spirits refused to continue to exchange?—*Lockport Messenger.*

Once for all, therefore, it may be well to say, that to the best of our ability, we are *faithful* in mailing every week the paper to all our exchanges as well as subscribers, and that we design to mail them on Thursday, that if possible the issue may be with most of our readers over Sunday, and it may not be improper to add, that the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" wish the editorial family to know that many of the exchanges are retained, because the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism should be known. Were not this the case, we would long since have been justified in stopping a few of our exchanges, for there is not only great irregularity in their coming, but not unfrequently we get *half* the sheet, and that may be the *advertising* part of the paper. It may be this is "the *better half*," and all things considered, the most likely to be useful to us, had we the time to study that kind of composition.—This "indifference," "neglect," or "accident" is not common, however, as most of our exchanges come at "their appointed time." There is one paper, however, of which we have not received a dozen copies since its publication, and that is "The Age of Progress." No blame to the editor, for we have been informed by letter that our paper is *mailed* regularly every week. We know of no way of explaining these facts, except we come to the conclusion that *great neglect* or worse characterizes much of our post office management, and calls for investigation and reform. To say we regret the necessity for persons writing us about the non-appearance of our paper would be useless, for we are scrupulously conscientious in sending to all who *wish* it, often "without money and without price," as it is our *delight* to labor for the conversion of the world to a faith that cannot *fail* to make man "good, better, best."

Were we indifferent, however, to this view of the subject, the many feeling letters we have received on the blessings that flow from, and the consequent need of something like Spiritualism, would admonish us of greater faithfulness and diligence in the discharge of our duty. But as it is, we need no such stimulant, for the sad and convincing proofs of the need of such a revelation is not only a daily and hourly want with most minds, but absolutely necessary in the regeneration and harmonizing of society. The following extract from a letter sent us on account of the supposed stoppage of the paper, will explain this remark.—We suppress the name, &c., as we are not authorized in the publication, but the feeling and argument of the extract will be no less convincing because we withhold the name.

"Six weary years I have been a suffering, and much of the time a well nigh helpless *invalid*, deprived of all intercourse with the world, except what I gained by reading. (Thank God, I have always been able to read.) During these long years, I have many times been brought, as it seemed to me, face to face with *death*, and though taught to believe in the unconscious sleep of the dead, and the destruction of the wicked, yet when brought to the test, I have shrunk with horror at the thought, and instinctively clung to life with a tenacity hitherto unknown to me. My whole soul cried out for *something* better to rest my faith on. Could I only know that my *soul* would continue to *live*, that my weary Spirit would find *rest*, that I should join the company of lost but loved ones, who had gone before, how gladly would I have laid down this suffering frail body. In doubt and in darkness I stumbled on, and rather clung to life in its wretchedness than the risk of annihilation.—I have read everything that circumstances threw in my way, but have kept *my own counsel*. It has been necessary for me to do so. I have *never* seen nor heard any Spiritual manifestations, never heard a believer in Spirits converse, never saw a person that I knew to be a believer. All I know concerning their sentiments, I learned from *your paper*, with the exception of some of A. J. Davis' writings. It did appear that the long sought boon was found, that the *something* my soul desired was within my reach. Pleasing as it was, and my mind grasped it at once, as the most pleasant, the most glorious doctrine ever taught, just what the human mind required for consolation, yet, I knew that faith must rest on *evidence*. Was it true? What were the evidences to prove it of divine origin? I was startled from my pleasant reverie, and commenced a diligent search for evidence, on which to found a faith, that should be an intelligent one. I had progressed but a little way, my means of investigation were limited. I could only say that I did not, nor do I now doubt the candid statements of others. Persons favored with an experimental knowledge of such matters, would be foolish to doubt their own senses. To *them*, the evidence must be convincing, but *I* want evidence to satisfy *myself*. The *truth*, whatever that may be, however unpopular it is, is what I want and what the world needs."

LECTURES.

Synopsis of the lectures of Judge Edmonds and Mr. Davis, severally delivered on Sunday last at Dodworth's Hall, N. Y., and at the Institution of Brooklyn, appear in another part of our issue.—Judge Edmonds made an earnest appeal to the Spiritual body, and announced his intention of delivering a course of ten lectures. Mr. Davis intimated his intention also of addressing the Brooklyn body several times during his residence among them.—We must congratulate Mr. Davis upon the more healthy tone he has assumed, and also that he appears to estimate the Bible as of value in the elicitation of the truth, and although he only views it as a book of manifestations, we are content. His remarks were consistent, and showed how positively the manifestations and the revealments of the 19th century are connected, so connected that if the manifestations can be proved to be a psychological effect or the machination of the devil, still the Bible must stand or fall upon the decision.

We do not quite understand his allusion, that if Spiritualism is the all we are to have, that we shall soon be at the end of the string, nor what his exposition of the harmonial philosophy will amount to, but we must suspect that it and Spiritualism are one, for we cannot look at Spiritualism from a narrow view point, but believe and feel it is an all of significance to man, that which Spiritualism shall do, we are not sufficiently advanced to know, but if we are to judge by its fruits, then reform and peace result, and this carried out "*in extenso*," what new revelation the human race has to expect we are at a loss to imagine. In our view of the subject, Spiritualism heralds itself, the manifestations are but its signs and emblems. Mr. Davis may have new and lucid views to propound. He has been the pioneer to much that is good, for he has forced men to think, and we know that when men use their reasons and cast from their minds all dogmatic restraints, then their thinkings and reasonings lead to good. That they thereby attain to a higher development and realize an existence in the Spiritual essence which by affinity leads them to a true knowledge of the Deity.

PROFESSOR HARE.

Many of our readers will remember that this gentleman has been converted from the materialism of science and the skepticism of a life-time, to a belief in immortality and Spirit-intercourse, by the foolishness of "Spirit Rapping," for we have had frequent occasion to mention his willingness to work for the cause, his activity and ingenuity in inventing and using means to bring the subject of Spiritualism before the public for examination and discussion. His late efforts in the city of Philadelphia, have been very successful in calling the attention of many who, heretofore have been forgetful of the claims the phenomena has on them and the age. This indifference seems to have given way to a general desire to know more of, and if possible, comprehend the nature of the phenomena, and that too, by a class of mind that will bring to the discussion intellectual wealth and culture, as nature and education is supposed to have done much for the upper and middle classes of the Philadelphians.

Be that as it may, the *interest* is intense, if the following be authority:

"A correspondent of the Alabama Journal, writing from Philadelphia on the 7th inst., says:

"On Sunday evening, Prof. Hare delivered a second lecture at Samson street Hall, on Spiritualism. The large room was densely crowded, but by entering it half an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the exercises, I was enabled to get a tolerable comfortable seat. His lecture was preceded by the singing of a hymn by the spiritualized portion of the audience, for you must know they have a collection of poetic effusions dignified by that name. He exhibited his different apparatus to test the accuracy as well as to facilitate the operations of the rappers. His best device consists of a dial with the letters of the alphabet painted upon the outer edges of it, just as the figures indicating hours are painted upon the face of a clock. The hand is made to revolve and thus to point at the different letters by a slight movement of a horizontal platform connected with the dial. Upon this platform, the hands of the medium are placed with his face turned to the back of the dial, so that he cannot see the letters, and in this manner the Professor asserts that he receives intelligible communications with great rapidity, the hand pointing to different letters, and thus forming words and sentences as rapidly as he could write them down. The communications he first received, were in answer to what he terms test questions—such as giving the names of persons long since departed and known only to himself, &c., but since his conversion they have taken a wider range. He asserted that he had been informed that the Spirits of nearly all the deceased Vice-Presidents, and other important characters had been attending his lectures, and that he had recently had a communication from George Washington."—*Mobile News.*

LECTURE OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

Judge Edmonds delivered the first of a course of lectures at Dodworth's Academy, last Sunday evening, on the subject of Spiritualism. We give below an abstract. After the reading of a prayer, the lecturer remarked—

I have long been anxious to address myself personally to the believers in the doctrines of Spiritualism in this vicinity. Various causes have operated to prevent the accomplishment of that wish until the present time. I now propose to engage in a series of eight or ten lectures in this place, in which I shall speak upon this subject. One or two causes may, perhaps, prevent or interrupt the intention which I have now mentioned. It was not until quite recently that I have been able, since my severe illness, to make an address as long as would be expected here, without being followed by several days of severe illness. I may be mistaken, and may not be enabled to accomplish the wish I have in view. My purpose will be, in this course of lectures, to tell what I understand to be meant by Spiritualism—what it is that we believe in—what is the foundation of our faith, and what the result to grow out of that faith. I do not come to tickle your fancy, by telling you marvellous tales, or having racked my brain with fancy sketches to amuse and interest; nor for the purpose of carrying into practice any of those arts by which popular speakers attempt to catch the applause of an audience. I come here for no such purpose. I shall, therefore, take no pains to adorn what I have to say, but for the purpose of telling a plain tale in plain words. I come with a solemn conviction of the importance of the duty which I take upon myself. I come with a like solemn admonition that I may, perhaps, lead my fellow-men into error. I stand upon a volcano, and whether it bursts as a falsehood, or whether it be true, is yet to be determined by God's will and the exercise of man's reason. You will readily perceive, therefore, that if I were to indulge in any aberration from the straight line of duty thus marked out, I should be false to myself and to the cause which I love so well, and which I am ready here as elsewhere, to defend. You will bear with me, therefore, if I speak plain truths, however unpalatable they may be, without stopping by the wayside to sugar over the medicine that it may be my duty to administer.

The first thing, therefore, I have to say is this: I believe that this thing which is now upon us, which is now in our midst, agitating the minds of men beyond anything in our experience, which is turning from their very foundations the institutions that age has consecrated, that which is thrilling every heart, and sweeping across the land where freedom exists, with a tide such as the world has never known before;—I believe that this which is thus making its mark upon the age, is something more than the mere gratification of an idle curiosity, something more than a mere matter of investigation, which we are at liberty to pursue or disregard. Yes, I believe it is something more. I believe that it is indeed the voice of Freedom from heaven, speaking to earth again. I believe that it is indeed another revelation from on High, to raise man yet one step higher towards his eternal destiny. The history of man has known of several such, and this, of all the rest, demands a careful examination. I believe it to be the advent of another revelation—a revelation of God's holy will from heaven to us. If I can demonstrate this to others, if they will feel as I do in dealing with a subject so momentous, that it is to last in its influence upon this earth for ages yet unborn, I shall have accomplished the object I have in view. Therefore, I cannot speak except in words of plain and solemn truth. With solemn awe, therefore, I approach the discharge of my duty on this occasion.

I believe it is a revelation from our Heavenly Father—a revelation aiming at man's elevation in his progress—calculated and intended to advance us in our happiness here and hereafter. It is a revelation that comes to us through man. In what other way can it come? Is it not a matter of necessity that it must come through man to his fellow? Can we gather from the examination of Nature around us, by the operation of our reason, the answer to the question which is agitating every heart—"What is the state of existence into which we are to be ushered after this?" Have the revelations heretofore given us ever been able to answer that question?—has our reason yet been able to answer it? Can we have it answered?—can we know the life after death? Has anything hitherto been known to us except by a revelation made through man to his fellow? The savage has never transcended this rule. And civilized man,—what has his reason told him? That there is a state of existence after this, where we may be happy or unhappy. Yet here we are, with all the intelligence and refinement and advancement of ages, without this knowledge. How can it come to us unless it comes through man—from man out of the form to man in the form? And that is what I believe is now upon us, and in the midst of which we are now rolling and revelling.

A revelation of this kind, if it must come through man, must be measured by man's capacity—not merely to receive and understand, but by his capacity to give. This is true of all revelations, whether given through Zoroaster, Mahomet, and the ancient oracles, or through Moses and the prophets, who succeeded him. The revelation through Moses was given to a peculiar people through the instrumentality of man to man; and Moses and Aaron were the instruments. That revelation taught two mighty truths that were not recognized by the world at large. They were these: that there was one God, instead of numerous deities—that the Pagan and almost the whole world recognised—and that with that one God there could be a manifest communion on earth. They came not alone to the Jews, but to other nations which surrounded them after their forty years sojourn in the wilderness. But the revelations through Moses were confirmed after his death by the prophets who succeeded him. Thus the world passed on until after the lapse of some twenty centuries—man had advanced individually, and the race had progressed beyond the point at which they were when the revelation, two thousand years before, had been given to them; and they demanded something more. They had learned the great and important truth that there was one God, instead of that numerous host of deities. They had learned the mighty truth, also, that there could be a commnion of worship on one side, and favor and blessing on the other. And the world demanded something more.

And then came another revelation. But before passing to that, it would be well to pause and reflect upon the antecedent of that revelation to Moses. Four hundred years before his day, the great truth of communion with God had been proclaimed to the founder of the Jewish nation—Abraham—yet this truth had not spread beyond his own family. The fact that there was no people on earth fitted for the reception of it, no people found ready to receive it, was a remarkable fact of that, as of every other revelation yet vouchsafed to man. And that fact we should bear in mind. Pass then for a moment to the revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. There again was the world prepared for another revelation; not merely by the fact to which I have before alluded, that mankind had advanced, but the whole condition of the world at that day—its freedom of thought, its emancipation from the dogmas which had settled upon it—prepared the world for the advent of the revelation through him. Therefore it came—at a peculiar time to a peculiar people. Whereas the revelation through Abraham spread not beyond his own family, that through Christ spread rapidly. That revelation had additional advances. It taught man's immortality, and the manner by which it might be made happy. Its teachings were confirmed by the revelations through the apostles, until another period of about two thousand years having elapsed, man has again outgrown that revelation, and is not content to sit down and say, "It is revealed to me that I am immortal, and the law by which I can make that immortality happy."

Look abroad over the whole world, and see this effect. Mark the rapidity with which this thing has spread, and say if you do not find that man's mind has grown to that point where it demands a further revelation. As evidence of this, look at the amount of so-called infidelity which is and has been rife in the world. Men have become dissatisfied with the old, and desire a new revelation. It will be observed by looking into the history of the world, that in order that anything of this kind shall be successful, there should be freedom. Man must be free to give and free to receive, in order that anything of this kind shall be successful. [Here the lecturer referred to several attempts to establish Spiritual communications at different periods of the world's history, which had failed in consequence of mental bondage.]

Two or three hundred years before Christ there were various premonitory symptoms of the advent of the great revelation through him, and Grecian philosophers and others avowed their belief ih the immortality of the soul. So when Christ came and proclaimed that mighty truth, the people said, as they say now, there is nothing in this. And so when we say man is the creature of progression, and that it is his destiny to progress forever, they say, this is nothing new.

These views which I have thus stated have pressed themselves upon my mind in reference to this momentous subject; and it seems to me, therefore, that we are in the midst of a mighty, mental and moral revolution; and to the results of that revolution,—what it teaches, and what are its instrumentalities, my attention is to be directed in the course of lectures I purpose to deliver here.—The question is asked, "If this is a revelation from heaven, why is it not perfect?" In answer to this question, I would ask another: Pray tell me what would you do with a revelation that should come to you perfect? You would crucify it. What else could we do with it?

Another question I shall consider, which is, "why does it come through such ignorant and foolish people?" History answers this question for you. * * * I shall ask you to mark, not only how close is the resemblance between the revelation of to-day and the past, but draw upon your imagination to see if it is in the power of the human intellect to devise all the instruments that have been at work, and are now at work in our midst; and whether aught except an Almighty hand could do it. I shall speak freely and fully of those instrumentalities that have been used. After discussing that part of the subject, I shall speak in reference to the lofty truths now being revealed through those instrumentalities. And whoever may accompany me, I shall ask response to my questions: Is there anything in Nature to forbid it? And is there a single truth in the domain of Nature that is not calculated to advance man onward in his high destiny toward his God?

A QUESTION FOR EDITORS.

Few have to cater to so many conflicting opinions, and attempt the impossible so much in pleasing the tastes of the good, bad and indifferent, as the *Editor;* for his "*darlings*," be they "hobbies" of opinion, or fancies of style, have to pass in review before the learned and the ignorant, and charm alike the foolish and the wise. This makes the calling of the Editor not only peculiar but often perplexing; for with the many, the only criterion of fitness for office is success, to attain which, every means are used, and policies adopted to *please*, that being premised as the *first* and greatest step toward *success*. To moralize on the temptation here offered to hypocricy and crime, and point out the tendency of *policy* to such an issue, is not our purpose at present, but to call the attention of Editors to the question propounded in the following, which we clip from the Texas Weekly Telegraph:

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS'—The *Central Texian* declines the publication of any more communications from the land of shadows, in accordance with the wishes of some of its patrons, who disaprove of Spiritualism. It cannot be expected that everybody will be pleased with the entire contents of a newspaper, but the *Texian* may have some Spiritual or metaphysical readers who would be equally disobliged by the discontinuance of these articles. Who is to judge in such a case?

The "*policy*" that shuts out communications on *unpopular subjects*, simply because of their *unpopularity*, would be *destructive* of progress, and therefore an injury to the race. The only remedy, therefore, for issues like the above, is to have *honest* and independent men in the *sanctum*, who will be a *law unto themselves.*

MISS EMMA F. JAY.

This highly favored medium seems to have got "down East," but not far as to lose sight of appreciating minds and candid Spirits, judging from the following from the Portland Eclectic:

LECTURES.—Miss Emma F. Jay has delivered two lectures on Spiritualism, befofore very large audiences at Deering Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. During their delivery the speaker was in a trance state. The *State of Maine*, alluding to the first lecture, says it "was a wonderful performance, that impressed all present with a sense of its ability. At the close of the discourse the lady uttered a prayer, pure in sentiment, and choice in language and expression, while her attitude and gesture formed a picture as beautiful as the ideal of an artist."

We are happy in knowing that intelligence and liberalism has progressed so far in Portland as to yield "large audiences" for the hearing of Spiritualism.

MEETING AT THE STUYVESANT INSTITUTE.

Judge Miller, of New York, will speak at the above place, Sunday morning, April 1, commencing at half-past ten o'clock.

As the Judge is well known to be a medium, it is probable he may speak in the trance-state.

MR. DAVIS' LECTURE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT BROOKLYN.

On Sunday afternoon this gentleman delivered a lecture at the Institution, at Brooklyn—the room was completely filled.

Mr. Davis commenced by saying that it was probable that he should address the friends at Brooklyn frequently during his stay, and therefore it would be better for him to speak first upon those subjects in whieh Spiritualists were most interested; for there were many subjects pressed upon his mind which did not come exactly under that head. The subject of the present lecture was the contrast existing between ancient and modern Spiritualism. We have not space for the whole of Mr. Davis' remarks, but he spoke in substance as follows:

The spirit of progress marches on the track of time, and introduces change into the world, and they who resist it are resisting the immutable laws of the Universe; and yet that which appears to be a resistance is only a mental action. The great currents of the Universe are continually playing into and creating change. All benefits result from penalties, and those things viewed as penalties prove eventually to be radically beneficial—not to the individual alone, but to the general body of society. This progress is continual, and every person is moving those threads which may be termed the pulses of the Universe. Change but introdoces improvement, and comes as naturally as the marriage of mind and matter; for there is a universal mind and a universal matter, then I say a Universal God, and matter the chariot in which he rides; and it is this marriage which brings change, and from this change comes improvement. He then spoke of the different eras of the world's history—the Adamic, the Nosalic, the Mosaic age, and the Christian. In the first there was scarcely sufficient to give to mind form; the second is testified to rather in the thoughts and beliefs of men. The third, the age of force, the lion, iron, resistance. And Moses, the founder of it, saw God through the cerebellum, and thus impressed his followers. Reports are given of miracles—we do not see them—and if he conversed with gods, they were of the nether kind, answering to the region from which he saw them. The fourth exemplified the age of Love. In Jesus we have the illustration of a new dispensation; and as his dispensation superceded the Mosaic theory, so the Harmonial will succeed the Christian.

All dispensations have been heralded into the world by signs and wonders. A Harmonial dispensation is about commencing; its premonitory signs have been seen of the world for seven and a half years. If Spiritualism is valuable, then it is valuable only as a premonition; for if Spiritualism is all, we should soon get to the end of the string. St. Paul spoke of nine kinds of manifestations. He says divers manifestations, but the some spirit. The speaker then read St. Paul's chapter on gifts. Our friends in the churches are supernaturalists, and would deny this. The speaker then spoke of the exemplification written in Mark, of Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen, and then to two of the disciples, and then to the eleven, and upbraided them for unbelief, and illustrated by supposing the same course of events now to take place, and said that he had translated it in to the present to show that the law of the manifestations was the same. Mary had seven devils cast of her—devils means discord—and the disciples did not believe her, perhaps because they did not think her quite reliable. Christ, when he had arisen, found Mary a medium, and appeared to her; then to two of the apostles in the fields; then to the eleven—when they had formed a circle in the evening. Moses and Elias appeared at the transfiguration; if they appeared, it was because of a certain law, and it once having being, it exists for ever. Then if they appeared then, they can do so now by the action of the same law. The speaker then read from Daniel on his first vision, where he states he had been fasting, and saw a vision; when others were with him, he saw, because in the proper state, but they did not; he also illustrated this by reducing it to a case of modern experience. He then insisted that the modern manifestations were most important, as illustrating those of past eras, and that the past was only made a thing for reverence by our ignorance. If the experience of Daniel and others was translated into the language, and the acts of the present time, the wonder would cease, but put it into the Bible—then great is the expression of belief, although with the next breath the reader denies a similar occurrence taking place in his own time, and in his own town.

How often is it asked why do not these things occur in the body of the church which is the expounder of the Spiritual records? Because all which is to benefit the race has come from outside the church; because the church is the representation of the past. Do any of them believe that a congress of angels blessed the sight of the shepherds? The manifestations narrated in the Bible must stand or fall with those of the nineteenth century; the key which unlocks our manifestations unlocks theirs also, and it is that key which will make the Bible valuable or will destroy it. It is an astonishing thing that the church does not see the significance of these manifestations, and should be admonished that when its members speak slightingly of the Spiritual manifestations they insult their own. The Bible is valuable because it is a book of manifestations, and if it were possible to make out Spiritualism only to be psychology, or the delusions of the devil, then the Bible is of no value; so both we and the church are equally interested. St. Jerome, the append of the word saint I do not think any honor, because we never knew reforms to originate with men who have saint as a prefix to the name; when speaking of John the beloved, who wrote his gospel 63 years after the events he relates, and the subsidence of all the manifestations, could write by tradition, through memory, or by inspiration. The first is most uncertain, for John gives the details of facts and conversations. The second method is also uncertain after a lapse of 63 years, even months would leave a doubt of its accuracy, 63 days might do, particulars are given, are we to suppose they could be accurately retained. Jerome says he was inspired, then if he were, there is a law of inspiration, and that which occurred in one era of time can in another, for a law is always existing. We must have the experience of the present to reflect upon the past to advantage, for the events of the present shows the possibility of those occurrences in the past age.

Jerome shows the method adopted, then there was a law or method active. Let us bring the matter to the present time, and suppose John was writing a history of Massachusetts by these means. John said if they would order a common fast, and they did and fasted three days, and then prayed that is desired that John might be inspired, he then burst forth, In the beginning, &c., and wrote page after page, but if it was a history of Massachusetts, the Divines would look at it, and say it was imposition. St. Jerome when he wrote, was explaining the law by which John Spere of Boston, wrote, I must say the manifestations of the present day are equal to those which occurred in the past. Is there no conservatism in all this they say? If the manifestations are to be explained by psychology, or the agency of the devil, its application is to the Bible manifestations, as it is to those occurring at this time. The speaker then made some brief comments upon the miracle of turning the water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee, and followed very closely the remarks of Mr. Fowler when he lectured before the Divinity class at Cambridge, and continued, the manifestations are not alone valuable, because they herald the harmonial philosophy, but because also they bear testimony to the truth of the past. Our philosophy brings out all clear and beautiful. The Bible is the book of the Spiritualists, but we are to regard it not as our master, but as our teacher, for the manifestations of this day and the past time, each explains the other. Say what the world will, the Bible stands or falls, by the judgment passed upon the manifestations of the nineteenth century. I use the word manifestations, because I am unwilling to say principles, for manifestations are for humanity. The harmonial philosophy I shall not explain at this time. He then spoke of Mahomet and Zoroaster, and concluded his disquisition by citing Leigh Hunt's poem taken from the Persian, as to Ben Adams' name being recorded in the book of life, and in his application said if this had been taken from the Bible, how the church would have revered it, but because taken from the Persian, it was by them disregarded.

PASSING GLANCES—NO. IV.

More Miracles—Good Signs.

DEAR BROTHER TOOHEY: I was too unwell to lecture in Hartford on Wednesday, but concluded to wait till Sunday. In the meantime I enjoyed myself as well as my sadly impaired health would permit, and when the week had rolled round, I felt that I should be able to do my duty, and I was. I spoke twice to good acceptance and to packed audiences.

By the way, friend Toohey, why is it that scarce a hall fit to speak in, is to be found in the whole country? I can hardly imagine that the architects and owners of most of our auditoriums had a realizing sense that the people who occupy halls have souls, that these souls depend in a great degree for health upon the bodies, and these bodies need good air. O, the untold weight of guilt and responsibility that rests upon the builders of badly ventilated halls, and of all the miserable apologies that I ever saw palmed off on a people with a decent amount of brains, the "Union Hall" of Hartford is the worst, when any respectable number of people are within its walls. Sunday came, and with it came large crowds to hear the gospel of Spiritualism. Universal satisfaction was expressed by all, and I felt a thrill of joy penetrate my soul as the people took me by the hand, and with heartfelt unction thanked me for having *done my duty*, and brought them one step nearer to Heaven.

I lift up my voice and sing a new song, for verily, verily, my soul is made glad. I sit down by the road side of life, and on suffering's memory fly back to the early years, and when I see what I am—a Spiritualist—instead of a blind devotee of Catholicism, and when I feel the warm gush of philanthropy from my soul's deep fountain, then, O then, my brother, I feel, I realize, I know that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die, and my heart overflows with love to my species, love for nature and love in God.

While in Hartford I had the satisfaction of knowing that at least one clergyman is investigating, not Spiritualism, for he did that long ago, but the best means of making its divine principles and precepts a *practical* thing in the church of which he is the honored pastor.

I spent several hours with this clerical gentleman, and found him one of the most christian liberalists I ever saw. He also attended a private circle with me at our good friend Metless. As a proof of the catholic Spirit of this gentleman, I remark, that his church edifice was opened for a Spiritualist lecture since I left. Charles Partridge, I believe, was the speaker.

We want more lecturers, and good ones in the field. I was pressed to speak in at least twenty places, but owing to pre-engagements had to decline. I hope that more speakers will go a-field, and that right soon. We want lecturers, and we must have them.

From Hartford I went to Troy, and met the friends. While here, I spoke three times to good audiences, and also to the entire satisfaction of the brotherhood. Thanks were publicly voted, and take it all in all, we had a very pleasant season.—Engagements West prevented my lecturing longer in Troy and vicinity, but I shall visit that locality on my return tour.

I reached Utica last Saturday, and found that Spiritualism was at a low ebb in consequence of an imputed fault on the part of a lady medium by the name of Waldron. The press as usual made an extensive mountain out of an exceedingly diminutive mole hill. So it ever does when anything is to be said against Spiritualism, but the lady in this case was decidedly more sinned against than sinning. Would to God that Pope's universal prayer were a little more popular, and practically understood. O, that men would learn charity and love! Then we would feel a better life within us, quickened as it would be by the Godlike examples of those about us.

> There is a lust in man no power can tame,
> Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame,
> On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but form to die.

Alas, that it should be so, my brother, alas, alas.

I however, determined to stem the tide, and therefore, announced a course of six lectures in the largest and best hall in the place. The first I gave Sunday night last to about 700 hearers, and I speak again this evening. Mrs. Wright and her son, the wonderful Earlville mediums are here, and I have with forty others witnessed enough to sink a ship, if evidence could be weighed in material scales. The Spirits handle the boy, who is sick, just as a mother does her darling babe. They always clothe themselves with material substance, so that they ring bells, &c., just as you or I can and do. One evening about forty persons present, a Spirit rapped, and *en passant*, allow me to remark that they drum with their fingers just as you do, nor can you tell the difference between the two sounds. Through the mother they rap electrically, through the boy mechanically. On being asked who it was, it responded, "A negro, and I can dance, but I must have a pair of *stogs* boots to do it with." It then designated a pair on the feet of a person present, which were taken off, and placed by the stand. Instantly they were taken by the Spirit, who thereupon *cut it down* in regular old Virginia style upon the stand. The fact here stated repeatedly occurred, and can, and if demanded will be sworn by all present. Last night we had a circle. There are two parlors with the folding doors between them. I shall call them North and South, to designate localities. A stand two feet square with leaves and drawers stood near the centre of the South parlor. On this stand was placed a tambourine, five bells varying in size from two ounces to five pounds, also a sheet of paper and a pencil, several yards of broad tape and some tailors' listing or cloth strips. At one end of this table the boy sat, and at the other Mrs. L. M. Taylor, at whose house the circle was held. At one side of the folding doors sat Mr. L. M. Taylor, and at the other Prof. A. T. Watts, the distinguished chemist, and probably one of the most scientific electricians this side the Atlantic ocean, and a confirmed skeptic in all Spiritual matters. All the doors were then examined and securely fastened. The circle of nineteen persons were then arranged in the North parlor, and the lights extinguished, when instantly all the bells rang, and the tambourine was played admirably, the whole keeping time beautifully with the flute played by Mr. Taylor.—Now, every body present morally knew that neither of the persons at the table performed the music on the bells, but to make the matter sure, the Spirits directed Mrs. T. to join the circle, and accordingly she left the table. Mr. T. still playing the flute. A noise was then heard as of some one handling the tape and strings. I should have stated that Prof. Watts and Mr. Taylor joined their legs so that no one in the flesh could pass from the South parlor to the North or *vice versa*. Soon the Spirits called for a light, and behold the boy's thumbs were found securely tied together, his fingers and wrists also, and the whole was fastened by other strings securely to the table, so that it was impossible to move them. After this had been looked at sufficiently, Prof. Watts took more string and tied the boy so that *he could not move an inch in any direction*. The lights were again put out, and instantly *all* the bells rang as before, while they rang the tambourine played, and the large bell went nearly to the ceiling, the whole accompanied by a drumming as of ten fingers on the table. All this continued for half an hour, when lights were called for, and the boy's hands found as they had been left but perfectly tight; and on the tambourine the bells were piled one on the handle of the other in a curious manner. The Spirits next produced lights from the size of a pea to a flame *broad* as a *hand* and longer. They next wrote on the paper upon the table at my request, and I have the writing now. After entertaining us in this wonderfully satisfactory manner for above an hour, the Spirits untied the boy and wound the strings around one of the bells. On another occasion they tied and handled another person as well as the medium, and performed other equally astounding feats.

What performs these things if not human Spirits? Nothing will account for them but our sublime science. All these facts can be sworn to by dozens of the best informed people in this country.

O, let us thank God, my brother, that we are to learn. Let us learn to live, for my brother, the gloomy night is breaking and we know that

> "There's a midnight blackness changing into grey,
> Men of night, and men of action, clear the way."

Let us follow in the footsteps of the God-man, for

> "Make way for liberty he cried,
> Make way for liberty and died."

Let us, my brother, go and do likewise, and while we die to the bad, let us live for the true, the beautiful and the good.

Fraternally, P. B. RANDOLPH.

P. S. I forgot to state that the medium is a poor sick boy given up by the doctors to die, but kept alive apparently by Spirits. He is so weak that he cannot cross the street alone without help most of the time. He has to be pillowed up at the circles, and could no more ring the bells than I can lift a ton. P. B. R.

OUR AGENTS.

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Spoken at a religious festival by a little girl, the only remaining one of a family of seven beautiful children.

Not far away, not very far—
Are all our dear ones gone;
They are not dead, but unto life
Anew, their souls are born.

When blessed angels live and love
Our family of seven,
A group of angel-children, live
In the light and joy of Heaven.

They are not far away I know;
For often in the night
Around my little bed they come,
In forms of living light.

And when I see the bright star
Upon the evening skies,
It seems to me just like the light
That shone in their blue eyes.

I hear their pleasant voices off,
Beneath the greenwood tree;
In daily walk, or nightly dreams,
They're whispering to me.

When morning opes her eyes of blue,
Out in the summer air,
Between me and the rosy clouds,
I see their sunny hair.

For, O, I know they live and love,
And came to us always,
Not only in the shadowy nights,
But in the sunny days.

And when our Father wills that we
Should join our precious seven,
O, happy, happy, shall we be,
A family in Heaven.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE PAST.

BY H. H. CLEMENT.

The sad mistakes of former hours
Come upon us when too late,
And dwell amidst the wreck of powers,
That seemed to court the storms of fate.

I see as through a vista shine,
In some clear summer's morning beam;
The form, that nature meant for mine,
Glide o'er life's dark and troubled stream.

Azure the life-bloom round her shed,
Her being glancing holier rays,
As drop by drop, the diamond's bed,
A jewel's purest light displays.

So dawned upon my darkened youth,
This tender creature, fair and true;
But since the voices of untruth,
Have given to each the blackest hue.

Why self-reproach! I cannot see
What might have been a happier fate;
This only is the mystery,
My life dawned early; hers was late.

Can age then quench the light of stars,
Bedim the fire of honored fame?
Or hush the music on the bars,
Of lyre that shed her blessed name.

If heart to heart be close allied,
No blow but death's can break the thrall;
Love ripens mid distrust and pride,
Yet pours affection over all.

Like vintagers who crown with song,
The lively work of eventide;
We were prepared for many a wrong,
And yet with cheer the strife abide.

The whole, the universal plan
Is marked by such adverse decrees;
We're lulled to death—sleep by the swell
And murmur of life's breaking seas.

That slumber conquers all the past,
And all the present's widest range,
Once on its pallid shores we're cast,
No farther ill can hearts estrange.

THE CRISIS:

DEVOTED TO THE TRUE LIFE OF THE NEW CHURCH.
Published by HENRY WELLER, at La Porte, Indiana.
Terms, $1 per annum, in advance.

We have read with some attention, several numbers of the periodical above-mentioned. It seems to us earnest, liberal and truthful. The Editor evidently has a word to utter, and everywhere expresses himself with force and directness. The little work is devoted to the inner *Life*—not the Doctrines merely—of the "New Church," whose magnificent outline was unfolded through Swedenborg, but which still remains to be established in the earth, and perfected through other instruments. It is to us exceedingly refreshing, amid the chaotic mass of Spiritual crudities on the one hand,—over which however the Creative Spirit may brood,—and the dry and subtle disquisitions of too many of the New Church publications on the other, to meet with the clearly expressed views of an independent and decided man. The writings of many of our Swedenborgian friends are a mere undigested reproduction of those of the illuminated Seer. The Crisis has far higher aims; the embodiment of truth in living forms, the illustration of the inner Life by practical exemplifications. We will quote a few paragraphs, by which the reader can give some conception of the Spirit and tendency of its teachings.

"The times do, indeed, need a new heart and lungs to infuse new life into the decaying, tottering, disintegral elements of the present social body. All that now exists has been amply tried, and found wanting. The vessels of the Church that is passing, have soured, and turn to gall and bitterness the Spirit of truth from good that belongs to the New Church. And where those vessels have not infected the *quality* of the new wine,—they have burst, and suffered all its uses to run to waste. Who that looks at the utter inefficiency—the palsied condition of the bodies comprising what is called the New Jerusalem, will not mourn the desolations of the new, as well as the old, and weep bitter tears over the blighted promises and fallen hopes of her 'first love!'

But tears are vain and regrets are useless, unless they lead to action. The New Church must be purged of all sectarian tendency,—by which we do not mean that it shall have no distinct, united effort—but it shall cease to be after the manner of the old—seeking its own reputation and growth—but shall seek to infuse itself as leaven into the *whole lump* of humanity. The New Church must be purged of all tendencies to ecclesiastical dominion. It has been cramped in its resources, and dwindled away before its enemies, for the very same reason that the Israelites, after crossing Jordan, and taking Jericho, (by which was represented the destroying the falsities of the perverted Church,) yet were smitten and fled before the men of Ai, (who represented the knowledges of good, and in a more exterior sense, knowledges or riches of the natural man,) because they had the Babylonish garment, with its false silver and gold, 'hid in the earth in the midst of the tent.'

This is the great secret of our failures. Derision and conflict are most intensely active in our midst, for those secret loves lie hidden beneath all our professions. But this will be purged away.

The new church must also be purged of its manworship, its sycophancy to the public taste, and its lukewarm tendencies and aversions to all movements that involve self-sacrifice, or risk of its reputation in the world.

Our experience of the actual condition of the church is too varied and extensive to permit our eyes to be blinded by any specious appearances,—albeit even these are but meagre among us. There are perversions and iniquities which have come to our knowledge that will make the ears of our ecclesiastical brethren tingle, and fill their faces with shame and confusion, in regard to some of their oppointments and proscriptions. There is a judgment coming upon the world from which *none can escape*. There is a shaking of the heavens as well as the earth at hand, and all things that are of human invention will be removed, that the things which *cannot be shaken* may remain.

In the universal judgment every thought which has ever agitated the thought of man, is coming up for final adjudication.

It is now not a question of mere doctrine, but the skies are lurid with the flames of evil loves which are strong in their last effort to hold the heart of the world in bondage. God and Magog are gathering their hosts together for the great final battle; and wherever we cast our eyes, we behold indications of the general commotion."

We have quoted thus largely to give our readers a specimen of the style and of the liberal sentiments of the editor, who writes the larger portion of each number.

We cannot conclude without expressing our satisfaction at finding another earnest and faithful laborer in the whitening field. We congratulate our friends of the "New Church," that they have in the CRISIS a worthy representative of the higher phase of thought and culture among them. May they know how to appreciate and sustain it. We also cordially recommend this unpretending journal to the patronage of Spiritualists. It is worth what it costs, and far more. We also see that it is about to be enlarged, and become a weekly, and doubtless, additions to its list would be particularly welcome and encouraging just at this period. Therefore, liberal reader, if you like what we have quoted, forward your dollar according to the address above, and we think you will not regret it.

S. E. B.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Beautiful shadows of truth, more or less distinctly defined, abound in all mythologies. All systems of religion are efforts on the part of man, to incarnate the word that burns, a living fire, in the soul of every man that is born into the world.—Man is not satisfied that the idea of God should reveal itself to his innermosts alone, his externals must be enabled to participate, his *whole being* must receive the idea, in order to render it complete to him. Thomas was not content that he could Spiritually recognize Jesus; neither was the testimony of his eyes and ears sufficient, he must *feel* before he could believe.

This disposition on the part of man to externalize, to *ultimate*, lies, we repeat, at the foundation of all systems of religion. The belief, therefore, that all the so-called heathen mythologies are merely accidental results of a disordered fancy, or still worse, deliberate systems of deception, is a very false one. Men have in every age, conformed the external image of God to the circumstances that surrounded them, and to their own peculiar developments. And there is sufficient similarity among all systems to identify them all as human in their ultimates, and divine in their interiors.

Man was created in the image of God, not any peculiar nation or race among men, but *man*, universally. God has manifested himself to all men. And in every nation have been found individuals to whose pure and calm interiors, the Spiritual revelation was sufficient. But most men are unable to see God Spiritually, therefore, like Solomon, they must build external *temples* for him to dwell in, seeing him only in the *form* that their own hands have made.

Pope was inspired when he wrote—

> "Father of all—in every age,
> In every clime adored;
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, and Lord."

For from the Osiris of the Egyptians to the Thor of the Scandinavians, each nation has had its own external manifestation of the Infinite. And as are the men, so are their incantations of God. The polished, voluptuous and learned Osiris, was a true Egyptian God; the stern, sublime and warlike Jupiter, was a true Greek; the *just*, yet somewhat vengeful and partial Jehovah, a type of the Jew; and the wild, uncivilized thunderer of the Scandinavians, a tame liking, an embodiment of iron strength and rocky perseverance. No less do the inferior deities partake of the peculiar characteristics of the nations who worship them. Whence, for instance, could have proceeded the idea of the beautiful and accomplished Apollo, the "god of light, medicine, eloquence, music, poetry and prophecy," but from the polished and learned Greeks? The radiant Venus, the chaste Diana, the queenly Juno, the benevolent Pan, the powerful Hercules, can we not see embodied in all these the ripeness and versatility of the Greek intellect, the sweetness and power of the Greek soul?

But the most wonderful of Greek fables, is that of Cupid and Psyche. In the marriage of these is typified one of the deepest mysteries of God.—Not until Swedenborg had given us the language, could we so fully manifest this. Cupid and Psyche are internally love and wisdom, the *esse* and *existere* of the Infinite.

This Divine idea, struggling for manifestation in earlier times, has become more apparent in these days of more interior light. Christ came into the world, and proved that only through perfect man, could God perfectly reveal himself. Through him in perfect love and in interior wisdom he *did* reveal himself. But to the Greek, Christ had not come; and the everlasting truth found embodiment in the idea of Cupid and Psyche. The Greeks in these approached the nearest of any people to the acknowledgment of this great mystery. All their other deities seem to have partaken of external characteristics, these only of the purely internal and involuntary.

Among all religions, the idea of what God is, is also the idea of what man should aim in his smaller measure to be. "In the image of God" man was created; to be like God, is man's truest, noblest aim. And in order to do this man should develop his love and through that his wisdom. To the man whose love is pure and active, the love of God can most easily manifest itself. As our own Harris writes of man:

> "By his love, to God he goeth,
> And his heart is heavenly shrine;
> By his truth, he wisdom knoweth,
> Unconfined by space or time."

But besides revealing to us the holy mystery of the love and wisdom of the Godhead; the fable of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche teaches another truth, which is becoming more and more apparent to man; that of the Spirituality and consequently the *eternity* of the relation between man and woman. It stands forth to us thus, a beautiful conjugal flower, blooming out of the darkness of the past.

Spiritualism has developed this idea, not only through Swedenborg, but through every other medium having high claims to respect. Particularly latterly through Harris, whose exquisite "Lyric of the Morning Land," is a sweet unfolding of the thought. But marriage being a law of God, has ever commended itself to interior minds as Divine; and its degeneracy into a mere civil contract is but an evidence and a result of the extreme of materialism to which the world has attained. Free marriage is the involuntary mingling together of two souls having harmonious elements. The union of perfect love and perfect wisdom is God, the type of that union is marriage. How then can it be otherwise than eternal! This thought lies at the foundation of all true Spiritual development. In the nuptial union of soul with soul, we approach by analogy to the union between the soul and God. No man whose interiors are darkened or closed, can have a true idea of marriage. The mystery is too holy for the sensual understanding to solve. Founded as it is upon the ineffable harmony between the soul of man and the soul of woman, it can only be understood and believed in by those to whom the harmonies reveal themselves. Did man and woman stand in true and interior relations to each other, the heavens and the earth would meet and kiss each other.

Whether in the external world marriage will ever be perfectly manifested, is a question with many earnest souls. That then which they doubt of finding in this life, they look yearningly for in the interior life which is to come. They feel that Swedenborg is true when he represents conjugal love as a holy and eternal principle, and can understand how that which seems imperfect in man and woman, can make itself perfect in an immaculate union of the two.

To find that union to be real and eternal, which most men consider accidental and ephemeral, invests life with new charms to the believer. Once more we must appeal to Harris for words which fail us to describe the joy of the enfranchized Spirit in view of this Divine fruition:

> "I rise, I rise, to Heaven I rise!
> I see an Angel in his car,
> 'Welcome,' he sings, 'freed from thy guise
> Of mortal dust, thou soul, thou star.'
>
> 'Welcome,' he sings; 'thy beauteous bride
> Descends her bosom lord to meet.'
> And swift as morning light I glide
> A life-born mind, through ether sweet.
>
> She comes! she comes! her white arms bear
> My Heaven-born soul to Heaven's repose;
> Immortal joys bloom fragrant there,
> And Life Divine my bosom knows.
>
> She sings, 'The golden years begin,
> O blessed soul, for thee, for thee;
> *And Angels chant the nuptial hymn,*
> *Of Love's divine eternity.*'"

Again,—

> "No mortal mind
> Without conjugial love, can find
> The bliss it craves; 'tis only known
> Where Angels crown the two in one.
> Without conjugial love man dies;
> His nobler nature prostrate lies;
> *He loses likeness to his God,*
> And sinks into a sensuous clod."

Is there not hope that angels may yet "crown the two in one" on earth? Blessed is that hope, for then would man be redeemed from all that is sensual and profane, and would become a Spiritual being, pure as the angels. It must be so, for God has promised to redeem the earth. In the meantime we must look for great turnings and overturnings; for society, corrupt at its foundations, must be resolved into its elements, and builded anew as a temple for the "Holy Ghost to dwell in." *It will be.*

UNDINE.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 555 Broadway, Tuesday Evening, March 20.

The assembly took place at the usual hour.

Dr. Hallock: I have been to the East, and found as may be supposed, some of the elements of discord which unhappily has taken place sometimes with us, but which should not occur in a movement such as we advocate. There may and must be, perhaps, differences of opinion, that is natural, but there it should rest. On my way I met a lady in the cars, who narrated to me a fact which may be interesting and suggestive. It has always struck me the poorest evidence we have of the truth of the manifestations, is the personal conviction of the medium,—from the very fact that the necessity of the premises precludes the possibility of a right judgment, because immediately the mind resumes its power it becomes positive, *i. e.*, when the mind is active, then the negative or abnormal power is gone. I have frequently urged that a signature to a communication is no sufficient evidence that it was given by the person whose signature it bears, and that it is not evidence to a person on the rational plane, *i. e.*, not to one who is unwilling to rely upon authority. The fact alluded to was as follows: my informant had a friend who was in the habit of Psychometrizing; a letter was given to her, which on taking hold of she immediately threw on the floor, and appeared in a state of great excitement, and said she was much astonished. On being urged to state the cause, and upon a promise of mercy, she said she had seen Jesus Christ, describing such a portraiture as a sensitive imagination would suggest. The circumstance was kept secret. On an inquiry into the history of the letter, it was found to have come from a medium who believed he received communications from Jesus Christ, and the enclosure bore his name. From this it would seem to follow the Psychometrist had got into *rapport* with the mind of the writer. This fact to my mind is a conclusive proof that impression is the most fallible of proofs, the very poorest evidence to be obtained. I think the appending of all great names is a psychometrical action, and is derived from the conventional feelings we have for authority. This is the earth-sphere, but the higher we ascend, the more equal we shall become. Whence arises this desire for great names? Is it the name we should venerate or the acts associated with it? If it is not the name, then it is the soul feeling of the man. Politically, we venerate the name of Henry Clay, but had it been Tom Styles, our veneration would be the same, this then shows the mere name is nothing. And when communications come signed by great names, are we to revere them for the signature when it is unworthy of its assumed authorship? Do we do so in the affairs of life, in commerce, science, art? Do we not take each thing for its intrinsic worth? Then when we are seeking for truth let our action be the same as when investigating the things of the world. The greatness of men is subsequent to the name, it is the crowning glory of their lives which throws its halo around their names.

When we revere authority we immediately become man worshippers. A man is then elevated into a thing for reverence, when instead, all should stand on the same platform as brothers. No truly great man presumes upon his name. When men become developed, the idea will be reverenced, the name suppressed. This idea of authority or man-worship carried out would make us mere supple slaves. My experience has shown me that the greater the name appended to communications, the greater the absurdity. In the many communications I have seen purporting to be from Daniel Webster, I never saw but one which bore the ear-mark of genuineness. I have seen others purporting to have emanated from God, and yet unworthy, even if they had been the production of a school-boy.

A part of our duty is to give to the world the great truths of the age. History shows us that each age has a fact to present, and if it is true to its mission, then its one fact lives to the world. In the Sacred records we find these sequences as well as political institutions. It may be said there are two truths for this nation to live into the world, the perfectness of political and religious freedom.

Mr. Pride: God is love; we have the demonstrations of his power every day. If this be a fact we have a basis whereon to rear our theological opinions, then the foundations of Spiritualism are God's attributes of Love, Power and Wisdom, and anything which goes to militate against these attributes is false.—Here is a broad platform upon which we all can agree; then why should we spend our time disputing about little differences?

Mr. Haywood stated that the time was when he persecuted all who avowed a belief in Spiritualism, but he had been induced to investigate through the following circumstance: He went home one evening, when two visitors being present, his wife desired to have some Spiritual manifestations. After about 20 minutes' sitting, he said jestingly, "You had better call the children." They were called, and immediately they touched the table it began to slide about the room. He then proposed questions and they were answered. He had thought the table very eloquent and was induced to reflect; became an inquirer, and was convinced. Many general facts occurring to himself and friends were related.

Mr. Baker stated when his mind was drawn to the subject of Spiritualism, he went about a good deal in order to see the table tip, and it was three months before he succeeded, and when he saw it was not satisfied, but thought all the seekers were deluded and fools, and he the only wise one amongst them. He had since been convinced. He also stated that in Wisconsin there was a seeing medium, to whom the Spirits presented themselves as stars, and signified by raps their identities.

Dr. Hallock stated, a child of twelve years of age, residing with him, lately lost a school-fellow, and on the day of the burial went to the house of the deceased, and when all the friends were sad and weeping, the child was excited by uncontrollable joy, expressed in bursts of laughter, and left the house much mortified by the conduct she had exhibited, for she is a girl of great sensibility. The circumstance has been explained by a medium, as follows: that the Spirit had endeavored to impress the friends that she was not dead, and failing with them, had seized upon her companion-child and acted on her muscles, with the hope of convincing her weeping friends that she still was in being.

Dr. Benton: I have been the attendant but of few public circles, but still I know that which I know, I know; I am a Professor of Psychology, and have never been bluffed off my course. I have been called a devil and other such terms, but still have held on and said much against and perhaps for Spiritualism. I suppose I was converted in Philadelphia; I was lecturing, and received a note from a stranger to attend at a certain house. I went and became convinced through a friend identifying himself to me, and signing his own signature. There were some unsettled money transactions between us; the medium announced a person would inquire about the notes. About three months after a stranger in Wall-street made the inquiry, and the business is in a fair way to be settled. (He also told another fact, where three mediums were impelled to do similar acts at the same time, for the purpose of giving him evidence of the presence of his father.) I do not say much about these things, as there may be policy not to get along too fast. People may say it is Psychology, or what they please. I know what Psychology is, but I know Psychology never did what I have seen done, however people may go to the Tabernacle and talk of it.

Dr. Howe expressed his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism, and investigated inch by inch, endeavoring to understand as he went on, and believed it was the true way; and that every day he is warned that the profession of Spiritualism may injure his business, but he was content if it did, for he was more than repaid for any loss he should sustain.

A stranger then took the stand and spoke from the trance-state. His subject was Christ's mission—but no new thoughts were elicited.

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FRIDAY EVENING, March 23.

Dr. Young: I rise to narrate a fact told me by a Brooklyn friend, and which may appear to many somewhat anomalous, for it proves either too much or too little: At a circle, a Spirit announced itself by the alphabet as George H., but who was not recognized by any one present. "Hawks," was then rapped out. "Are you dead?" "No, I am not dead, my body is in New York, but my Spirit is with you." The Spirit then described a chord by which it was connected with the body, and stated that it should not be conscious of its presence with them on awakening. There could have been no anticipation, as no one was thinking of him.

If Professor Dodds could in a mixed company psychologize two persons to make them believe a thunder storm was ranging around them, with all the indicias of rain, thunder and lightning, the wonder at the Spiritual manifestations should cease, because these things occur in circles where each member is in harmony with the others. I certainly think to make two persons believe in the thunder storm in a mixed assemblage of 500 hundred persons, is a greater wonder than the production of Spirit-hands in a Spiritual circle.

Mr. Fishbough: Following the suggestion presented by the mention of the psychological effect of the thunder storm, and the Spiritual production of Spirit-hands, I wish to speak of some facts which have come within my knowledge from some letters which were entrusted to me to translate, they came from a very reliable and scientific gentleman residing in New Orleans. It has not of late been my wont to narrate facts, for I consider I did my work in that respect in the early days of the Conferences. The statement was, that in New Orleans, through a young girl, a medium, entranced, who is a Catholic, some sixty or seventy articles have been received, which consists of religious books, all, with one exception, in French. Many gold and silver medals, with representations of the Virgin Mary on them, and pictures five by seven inches, which are indented at the edges and bear not the slightest marks of a crease, as though then fresh from the hands of the manufacturer. These articles are given to the medium, and a careful examination has been made of her and the table, in order that there might be assurance that there was no deception. The manifestations have also been repeated in a strange house, on which occasion a medal was presented which was said to be a present from a sister to the medium. So the medium has sometimes expressed a desire for money, pieces of both gold and silver have been presented, which have been seen by others, and have afterwards disappeared.

Mr. Morel, of Baltimore, was introduced. My wife is a natural seeing medium; about four years ago her brother died of the small pox; his wont was in the evening to let himself in by a latch key. About a month after his death, I was absent one night from home, when my wife heard some person as she supposed come into the house with a latch key, and then heard footsteps proceed to the room occupied by her brother; after a few minutes he entered her room, and she saw him, when he said: "Sister, I have come to see you; do not be frightened." I was not a believer in these manifestations, and did not believe that she had seen her brother. However, since I have investigated, and now I am a believer. On another occasion we were holding a circle, and my wife, although she saw Spirits, doubted whether they had the power to hold intercourse, and suggested if they would, then that the Spirit of a gentleman's brother present, should go into the yard, and he was directed to go also and see if the Spirit could manifest itself to him. He went, and then words were heard. He shortly returned somewhat excited, and said he had seen his brother, but would not go again. After some persuasion he went again, and I with him, and then we both saw the Spirit. My impression was some one was trying to hoax us, and I said so; upon this the gentleman advanced towards the Spirit and was thrust back several feet. Still thinking it was a hoax, I had the yard searched, and the Spirit finally vanished. On our return to the room, my wife desired to see her brother in the yard; on an intimation she went there I with her, and there we saw the two Spirits, her brother in his shroud, the other Spirit dressed in black. On asking for a manifestation, a coal was thrown at her which bounded on the shutter, and another as we were entering on our return to the room. Many other phases of manifestations are also given, but of a similar character to those with which you are all acquainted. The gentleman who was present that evening is not a Spiritualist and does not believe even now, yet is willing to swear to the truth of the appearances.

Mr. Benning: The facts related as occurring at New Orleans are of the same character as are taking place wherever there is a harmonious condition. I do not doubt the facts of our friend from Baltimore, and in respect to the double appearance have had experience myself. The manifestations of the present day are similar to those of ancient time, and of those Christ said greater things than these shall be. We read of Pentecost, do not the speaking in strange languages continually occur with us; and greater things we shall have as we progress in development.

For a long time I conned a question in my mind, viz.: how far are beasts immortal. My belief is nothing God has made is destroyed; then if matter cannot be, how can life be annihilated. I have been instructed that Life is progressive from the minutest formations to the highest. I have had a strange pedigree given of myself. (He then stated something he had formerly said on the subject had been much represented, and entered into an explanation of that he had said respecting Belshazzar.) It was said in olden time that angels conversed with men, are we to doubt they can do so now? Dr. Young's fact is very interesting. I sat as I supposed with Mr. Stewart for an hour and a half and he wrote for me as a medium, a Mr. Phillips, of Wallack's Theatre, says he saw at this time Mr. Stewart get into a sleigh with another gentleman and drive off. Mr. Stewart says he is unconscious of having been with me. This is strange. I confess I do not understand the philosophy of it. Ben Jonson says Mr. Stewart's double was with me, and another gentlemen present was present, but that his double was with Mr. Stewart in the sleigh.

Dr. Young: There are men who are too apt to think themselves in a higher state of development, because they happen to have seen more of these wonders than another person. It appears to me that the logical man is on the higher plane. He who reasons out a thing, knows it better than he who merely sees; because reason is a higher power than the mere external senses. A man who understands the philosophy of the Spirit-hand, knows better than he who merely sees them; the latter but knows that such things are; the former why they are! So he who arrives at a conclusion by the process of ratiocination, is on a higher plane than he who has the mere evidence of the senses. I am glad Belshazzar has reported himself, because I understand Daniel's book has been found, and bears evidence that it is older than any of his prophecies.

Mr. Fishbough stated he thought Dr. Young was under a mistake in supposing Daniel's book had been found.

Mr. Banning, of New Haven, then took the stand, and said he had been sent by Spirit-direction to that Conference. I wish to state the Spiritual progress at New Haven; we have there a lady medium who is much persecuted, and although the cause is progressing, many there who believe are afraid to avow their belief, because of the outside persecution. I was in a circle, Dr. Barnes was the medium, when two 25 cent and two 10 cent pieces were thrown on the table, and were said to be for Mrs. Barnes. At another time, a medium, Mr. Fairfield, from Springfield, came on by Spirit-direction; he said he did not know how he should get back as he had only one dollar left. He and Dr. Barnes were both entranced by Indian Spirits; they in that state left the house, followed by one of the party who saw them about half a mile off grope in the snow, and Mr. Fairfield picked up something and put in Dr. Barnes' hand. On their return to the house the Dr. emptied his hands of that he had, and among the dirt and snow were two 20 shilling gold pieces. They were again entranced and left the house. I followed them; they went opposite a new chapel building, and turned over a board, and I saw lying on the ground a 20 shilling gold piece, which Mr. F. took up and gave the Dr. They then went further, stooped and picked up something else. On returning to the house it was found they had one 20 shilling gold piece, and two 25 cent pieces. Mr. Fairfield stayed a week, and during this time $18 was collected, which was divided between the Dr. and Mr. F. But the Dr. cannot spend any of his money, it appears when he attempts to do so to cling to his hand. On one occasion a 25 cent piece was stuck on each of their foreheads. I am sure there was no trick or collusion; for on some occasions I went with, and watched them, narrowly. On another occasion I was walking with Dr. B., when a daguerreotype likeness of a departed son of his came gliding through the air gently down to us, and fell on the grass. It was said to be a manifestation from that son, whose likeness it was, and who had been dead a year. Mrs. Barnes said she was sure the evening before, it was on the table, for she was showing it to another lady.

The Indian Spirits have also disclosed places where they have buried treasure of which they had plundered the pale faces; but the money is to be gathered only for the purposes of charity. (He then related a similar case as occurring a year ago, to that of Jung Stilling, narrated by Mrs. Crowe.) New Haven is an intellectual place, and Spiritualism the last few weeks has taken a great stride; many of the students of the College are seekers after the truth, especially those belonging to the Divinity and Medical classes. The opposition of the heads of the College is very great, and the lady medium who is for healing and instruction, has a sore time of it. It is now proposed by the authorities to oppress her by the aid of the law. A warrant was procured, and five men intrusted with its execution. They came to her house and one knocked at the door, she at the time was holding a circle. She went to the door and invited the man in, and seeing the others invited them in also. After some demur they came into the room and sat down; the business of the circle went on. Whilst under influence she turned to the man who had the warrant, and told him his business, and that if he persisted in the thing he would receive a serious injury. After a moment or two these men came and each put on the table 25 and 12 1-2 cent pieces and then left. (He then stated the object he supposed of his coming to that Conference was to tell them the state of things in New Haven. He did not ask for aid, yet stated they at New Haven were too poor to hire convenient rooms to forward the cause.)

A lady suggested that the buried treasures spoken of, could not be more worthily applied than in promoting the cause.

After some more desultory remarks and answers, the speaker sat down.

Mr. Smith: It is a too prevalent theory for men to believe in Spiritualism, and then because they fear the world, do not avow their belief. For my part I shall publish a card in the New York papers, avowing my belief and tell how happy it has made me. Before my conversion I was afraid of death, but now I do not dread to die. I feared to leave my money, but now I can look to something beyond that; but it is not because I do not fear death that I should do evil. If we could convince the world that money could be found by the Spirits, what a crowd of converts we should have. The first inquiry of the outside world is, will the Spirits tell me how to make money? can they indicate to me a business by which I shall make it? It is not Spiritualism, but gold they desire.

The speaker then suggested a fund should be raised for the purpose of administering relief to the poor, by employing healing mediums, paying them from the fund collected.

Mr. Toohey: I wish to give expression to my feelings, by telling how they have been wounded by the sneers and improper conduct of persons at the lower end of the room, while listening to the interesting comments that have been made during the evening, but I shall be brief, because of the lateness of the hour. The expressions I have heard show the necessity of reverting to the fundamentals of Spiritualism. We must never forget that we are living in a country where Christianity is the avowed belief and profession of many. We should not forget the evidences of Christianity are historic and religious, for therein we find the true power of the Spiritual theory. We must remember that all those great and revered men who fought for, and bled in the cause of Freedom; who made America what she is, revered the Christian impulse as a hallowed thing. Would time permit, I would take the New Testament, conn it page by page, put my finger on this passage and say this is authority, and that is fact, and show warrant for all that has been said this evening. I would ask those who have been so ready with the sneer, so apt in sarcasm and invective, to take the admonitions of a heart which beats kindly for them, and even when amid the throngs of life, ponder on the evidences they have heard, and whilst pondering feel that they are in the presence of a God whose teachings they should humbly respect. If we who revere these things, know the teachings we revere, if we are humble, it will go far to check the sneer of scorn, the mockery of infidel minds, and the men of the world. If we pursue our paths in the truthfulness of humility, we shall be able to show that at least we are sincere in our know-nothingism.

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NO. 1,

OF A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

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THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath comes again in holy peace,
And as earth's surging storms around me roar,
Faith speaks; and lo, the raging tempests cease,
And gentle ripples break upon the shore,
By the blue heaven's vast arch expanded o'er,
"I am the First and Last" falls on my ear,
The continent of life outstretches far before,
And tho' its woods are with the Autumn sere,
Its seeds and fruits are dropping for the eternal year.

We may not tell perchance in mortal song,
How the great chimes of heaven their chorus ring,
Nor what the choral bass that, mighty, strong,
Thunders from world to world as angels sing,
When orbs uncounted votive offerings bring
And God looks down in love from where his throne
Beams forth in radiance that tempering
Empyrean glories thro' those worlds unknown,
Rejoices in the joy born from himself alone. A. H.

THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If, writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied,
Our love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine
The world would be the better for it.

If more would *act* the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

This is a translation of one of the most perfect of the lyrics of Schiller, and so well done that it loses little by transfer into our language. There is a thought in every line.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass;
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the Ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
Thy simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

[From the Age of Progress.]

ANOTHER SOIRIE WITH THE SPIRITS.

On Saturday evening last, I went with my worthy friend Hammond to see Mr. and Miss Brooks. There were a small party there for the purpose of being entertained by the spirits; and Mr. H. was pleased with an opportunity to witness some of those things of which he had read so much in the Age of Progress.

At about half-past seven o'clock we all took seats at the side of the room opposite to where the piano stood, with the exception of Miss B., who was required to stand at the end of the instrument, which was turned face to the wall. The light was then required to be removed into the adjoining room, and singing was called for. The first piece that was sung was accompanied by the invisible pianist, who, in all succeeding pieces, gave the key note on the instrument, and seemed to play as freely and easily as if he possessed fingers of bone and muscle.

After having executed a number of pieces in this way, he gave us a representation of a great battle, in which the crashing sound of small arms and the booming thunder of artillery were so admirably imitated, that no one present could mistake the object of the performer. This done, he gave us wood-sawing and other operations on the instrument, among which was a jarring sound I can compare to nothing but the sound produced by a locust. It would be like holding a key, or other hard metallic substance, against a vibrating wire; but it continues so much longer than one of the wires of the piano can be made to vibrate, that no one can discover what means the performer uses to produce it.

After these performances, the fluto was called for, and an accompaniment was played to each piece, by drumming on the wires of the piano; and so true to every note was this kind of accompaniment, that it was more pleasing than the ordinary performance on the keys. Whilst this was going on, some other spirits were busy with the table, which stood in the far corner of the room; no one in the flesh being near it. It came shoving along on the carpet, till it passed the middle of the room, when it was turned over on its face, and the leaves were raised up and flapped against the legs, keeping exact time to the music.

Some time during the performance, Mr. Hammond received the salutation of a folded sheet of paper thrown into his face. He picked it up, and kept it till the intermission—Fred. always gives one or two intermissions—when he found it folded diagonally, as we fold a cravat, commencing at one of the angles. He opened it, and read as follows:

"Charles, I am glad to meet you. Success to you to morrow."

(Signed) ALVAN STEWART.

This was written in large letters with the pencil which was laid upon the table for the purpose. We had previously discovered, through the rapping spirit, that it was the spirit of Alvan Stewart that gave the communication, through Mr. Hammond's hand, under the head, "Reliable Spirits," which we published last week.

After the intermission, a number of pieces of music were called for, and besides the piano accompaniment, two hand-bells, the one a large and the other a small one, were elevated to or near the ceiling, and rung in concert. During the time that intervened between the finishing of one piece and the commencement of another, the two bells were kept suspended over our heads, and would strike in again when emphasis became necessary. The song or ditty, "Scotland's a Burning," was sung, and at the cry of *fire*, which constitutes the chorus, both bells were rung with astonishing force. At several times during the evening's performance, the piano was made to dance most emphatically, rising and striking the floor with tremendous force. Sometimes the whole house was shaken so that the windows rattled as they would in a gale of wind. But what was most singular, they rattled in concert with the music.

Having been promised a communication from an absent daughter, I embraced every interval in the performance, to ask the rapping spirit for the fulfilment of the promise, as I expected it to come through the raps, as a former communication from her attending spirit had come. No notice was taken of my importunities; but, on the conclusion of the night's performance, I found a written communication, signed by the rapping spirit, saying:

"Sarah is well. Alfred will be here to-morrow evening, and tell you particulars."

This epistle was addressed to me by name.

There was another incident which was highly amusing. Towards the close of the performance, Fred. gave us another intermission, telling us to bring in the light, put every thing back to its place, and then put out the lights, and leave the doors open between the parlor we occupied and the sitting-room. In this sitting-room we had all left our overcoats, hats and caps. All was done as directed, and singing was called for. It was observed, however, that although the bells and other implements were moved about, the piano was not played. Miss B., who stood at one end of the instrument, called to her father, and said—"They are taking out the name-board. He replied, that the piano would sound better with the board out, and they probably would give us more music. They did not play any more—and she soon said, 'They are putting the name-board in again.' Then they will play no more, replied her father. Soon after this, Fred. bade us good night, through the raps, and we had the light brought in. Then it was that I found my communication; and there was another addressed to William Lowell, which I cannot recall to mind; but it was consolatory—on what account we then did not know. It was soon discovered, however, that Mr. L. had lost his cap, which he had left on a bureau in the sitting-room, where all our hats and caps were left. All the family and all the company looked for the lost cap in every part of all the rooms. It struck me that the spirits had secreted it, and I suggested my suspicions to the company. When all were tired of looking for it, and Mr. L. was thinking about a substitute for his cap, the raps were heard where Miss Brooks was standing, and they spelled, "Take out the name-board and you will find your cap." The board was taken out, and, sure enough, there was Mr. L.'s cap, crowded away into the piano, on the wires.

DR. BALDWIN REVIEWED.

We give place to the following review, not only from the conviction that many will be pleased in seeing Spiritualism vindicated, but that *all* should know the logic, method of reasoning, and class of facts (?) brought to bear against the philosophy of Spirit-intercourse. The churchman and theologian need indeed, to be "wise as serpents" in their method of attack, if they wish to be "harmless as doves" to their own dogmas, for the argument on their part thus far, has been singularly destructive to their philosophic pretensions, whatever may be said of their sincerity.

Br. Peters, in this review, has pointed out the loose and reckless nature of the attack made on Spiritualism, and what is true of Dr. Baldwin's effort, is more or less true of most persons attacking the cause.

We are pleased in being able to record the fact, that the "Traveler" is determined to do the "right thing," so far as the use of that paper's columns can aid in the investigation and discovery of the truth.

The following is the Traveler's editorial notice of the review:

DR. BALDWIN VS. SPIRITUALISM.—We give place to the following communication, which is the first of a series, to gratify a number of our "Spiritual" friends, who complain much that their peculiar views are made the subject of constant attack, and that no opportunity for reply is granted them. We have not arrived at that full degree of "development" essential to a thorough understanding of this new "philosophy," and therefore do not deem the whole matter of so much importance as any of those individuals who are very zealous in condemning or defending it But we will allow both parties a fair opportunity to be heard, always reserving to ourselves to judge of the space each one is entitled to occupy.

We hope others of the editorial family will imitate the example, that the press may indeed be the mouth-piece of liberal, honest and sensible opinions, until the age we live in is known for candor and honesty, as well as intelligence and inventive genius. The following note from Br. Peters explains the origin and discontinuance of the review, which the reader should have in mind, or else he may think the close abrupt.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WEST TROY, March, 1855.

BROTHER TOOHEY: In December last, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Troy, used Spiritualism entirely up, with the exception of what was left. For the benefit of his hearers, I undertook to review his sermon, in the columns of the Troy Daily Traveler. But the Traveler was so crowded with other matter, that the transitory Trojans were more than likely to forget the sermon, before I could get the review all published. For this reason it was discontinued after three Points of the review had been published, in three separate articles. These are sent to be republished in the Spiritualist, if you think them worthy of a place.

FIRST POINT.—Modern Spiritualism has been exploded by different individuals fifty-one times. Its last downfall was effected by the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. It was destroyed by comparing ancient and modern Spirit-manifestations. The explosive materials employed on the occasion, are (supposed) to be found in the 28th chapter of the first book of Samuel. It might be well for all who heard the discourse under consideration, to read that chapter for themselves, and compare it with Dr. Baldwin's explanation of it.—That explanation, which also disposed of Modern Spiritualism, amounted in substance to this. King Saul, in a state of great mental excitement, disguised himself, and called on a woman in the night. This woman is denominated by the Dr. witch, old hag, abandoned woman, etc. Saul's excited mind charged the old woman highly with electricity, and thereby rendered her a susceptible psychological subject. In this condition, she received impressions from Saul's mind, and palmed them back upon him as Spiritual manifestations. Dr. Baldwin denied that Samuel was there, either in a natural or Spiritual body, and pronounced the whole affair a case of mental hallucination, and psychological delusion, precisely like the so-called Spirit-manifestations of the present day.

With all due deference, I would inquire by what authority a chapter of Jewish history is thus disposed of. The language of the text is plain; it is neither allegorical or figurative. If it means anything, it means exactly as it reads. I quote: "And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.—And Samuel said to Saul, why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me; and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do," &c.

Now that chapter is a connecting link in a chain of historical narrative. If the chain is broken, it is good for nothing. Infidels like myself, are required to receive the whole Bible, or reject the whole. I submit, that it is no more than fair, that Dr. Baldwin should observe the same rule. If he rejects that chapter, he rejects the whole, and overboard goes the creation, the deluge, and all the important historical events of the Old Testament.

But if he accepts the whole, as a plain matter of fact in the historical portion of it, then he floors himself by his own assertion, that the manifestations recorded in the chapter referred to, are the same as modern manifestations. I accept the position, that that chapter is the plain history of actual occurrences, and Dr. Baldwin, if he chooses, may reject both ancient and modern revelations, for I agree with him that they are alike. Again: the Dr. asserted, that the woman received all the information that was obtained on that occasion, by psychological impression, from the mind of Saul. That thoughts are transmitted from mind to mind, by impression, I know by years of experience.—But it is an axiom in the science of Psychology, that no information can be obtained from an individual mind by impression, except what the impressing mind is actually possessed of. Saul did not know that his army would be defeated, and himself slain on Mount Gilboa on the following day, for these events had not transpired; and the means of discerning future events had been cut off, and he could learn nothing from prophets or dreams. But when a Spirit told him what would, and did come to pass on the following day, he fell straightway all along on the ground and was sore afraid. The epithets applied by the Dr. to the old lady of Endor, who acted as medium, are not in the chapter, and stand in this connection, only in the light of embellishments, to a pulpit oration.—And if Saul did call upon an abandoned woman in the night time, in disguise, it was setting a bad example, that I fear has been quite fashionable ever since.

SECOND POINT.—The author of the discussion under consideration, remarked in substance, that persions engaged in the investigation of so-called Spiritual subjects were not competent witnesses to testify in the case. The reasons given were these: In such assemblies the mental and magnetic influences of the company produced mental hallucination, and psychological delusions. For the sake of argument, I admit this theory to be true. Let us see where it will lead us. I take it for granted, that people assemble in houses of worship to hear the explanation of Spiritual subjects. Their thoughts are Spiritually inclined. Do they know what they see and hear? Of course not. And this explains why it is so difficult to find two members of the same Church, who agree on any essential point of faith. Each individual is psychologized during service, and knows not what he hears. Religious revivals may all be accounted for on the same principle. The intense excitement sometimes manifested at Methodist Camp Meetings, doubtless, is nothing but mental hallucination. To be "struck with the Spirit," and fall down, as people often do at Methodist protracted meetings, is psychological delusion. No wonder so many "backslide" after the influence works off. But the rule stops not here. God is the same unchangable Being through all time. So are His purposes (laws) that govern matter and minds. On a certain occasion, a company of terror-stricken men, were assembled together in a room with the doors closed. It was a private Spiritual circle. They were Spiritual men, and were "greatly excited;" they were thinking of their murdered teacher, for they could think of little else on such an occasion. And their thoughts inevitably traveled back, to the touching scene of the last supper. Suddenly Jesus appeared among them, with his customary salutation, so full of meaning. Again, by the sea of Tiberias, they saw him break bread and eat; and, again, from the Mount of Ascension, they saw him go upward. Did they see Jesus on any of these occasions? Of course not, they were psychologically deluded.

On the day of Pentecost the disciples were together "with one accord," and "cloven tongues like as of fire, sat upon each of them." And they began to speak with other tongues, "as the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts 2d. The outsiders pronounced them "full of new wine." I have seen similar manifestations at various times, and it is very common for media to speak in languages they do not understand themselves. Was I psychologically deluded? Unfortunately for this theory, I am not a psychological subject. Dr. Dods has attempted in vain to control me, with the minds of a large audience directed to that point, and myself very willing. By such revelations, so similar to those recorded in the Bible, I was forced to believe that book against my will. I had passed the prime of manhood, an inveterate infidel; and that too, after a strict religious education, and a course of theological studies. The minds of the circle did not convert me to a belief in the Bible, for all of us rejected the book previously, and some do still. But not in circles did I get the best testimony; much of it was given when I was alone, and when only "two or three" were together. I got a rap through a little girl medium, not quite so hard perhaps, but full as convincing, as the one Paul got, on the road to Damascus. There are in this country not less than a million and a half, who have been converted to a firm faith of immortality by this phenomena. We are happier in this belief, than we were in infidelity. Why should "men say all manner of evil things of us?" The Church never had any influence over us, and never can have. When will it begin to let us alone.

THIRD POINT.—The speaker denounced Spiritualism as a delusion, tending to insanity, and suicide. He referred to a case of suicide within his own knowledge, and warned his hearers against a subject that could result so deplorably. Doubtless this warning was given with the best wishes for the good of society, but the application is more general perhaps, than the speaker intended. Now it is a fact, that certain mental organizations will lose their balance, if excited beyond a certain degree, by any subject. The connection of mind and matter, in the human organization is wonderful and mysterious, because imperfectly understood. But we know this. The mind takes cognizance of the outer world, through the material organs of sense. And if one of these organs is exercised beyond its capabilities of endurance, its usefulness is destroyed, and the mind is no longer able to act rationally through the injured organ. That is insanity, and its causes and degrees of effects are numberless.—One of my classmates at Cambridge Academy became insane, while intensely engaged in the study of divinity. The son of a neighbor hanged himself on a tree, on account of disappointment in love. I knew a woman who became a raving maniac, because her three children passed from earth in the flames of a burning house. And I knew a farmer who hanged himself because his crops failed. The daughter of Rufus Choate became insane while listening to a religious discourse on the subject of endless punishment. In the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, are representatives from several of the religious denominations of the State. These persons were rendered idiotic, imbecile or dangerous by religious excitement. The warning, then, to avoid exciting subjects is general, and Spiritualism only comes in for a moderate share, which we thankfully accept, for some of us need it. And I repeat the warning to all persons who are incompetent to face anything, from a Salem witch to a Fish Island ghost; avoid the study of divinity; lavish not your affections on women that "won't stay courted;" listen to no sermons on eternal punishment; keep clear of sectarianism, Spiritualism, and every *ism* and *ology* of the age. Plod along in a path outside of the great march of humanity, and let the world run away from you, as it has from all people who have allowed priests to do their thinking and investigating.

That Spiritualism may prove injurious to persons of peculiar constitutions is very possible. But in common with all "forward marches" of the race, it has been grossly misrepresented, especially, as regards insanity and self-murder. The reports of such cases, so far as I have been able to investigate them, are without a shadow of proof. A Troy paper gave publicity to the report that Dr. Sherwood's wife, of West Troy, was led to destroy herself by Spirit-rapping. That report was utterly false. It was reported in different journals, that Miss Crippen, of Ballston Spa, had become hopelessly insane by the same cause. The lady was a teacher in the schools at Ballston, and is now capable of teaching her traducers. The report lately given by a Trojan paper, of the insanity of Mr. Moshier, of Troy, is to the letter false, so far as the cause is concerned. And the story of Mrs. Thayer, of Gainsville, published recently in the same paper, is false so far as Spiritualism is concerned. I say it without the fear of refutation, there is not one in fifty of these stories that have gone the rounds of the press for the last three years, can be proven to be true. Notwithstanding the great excitement growing out of the present phenomena, we have it from medical authority, that insanity from all causes has largely decreased in the last two years. But this system of appealing to prejudice and fear is nothing new. Primitive christianity was slandered far worse. And Quakers, Baptists, and Methodists, etc., have passed through the same ordeal, that Spiritualism is now almost safely through. We do not complain on this head. The fact that we are noticed so often, by men in high places, indicates that we are worthy of notice.

S. M. PETERS.

SPIRITUALISM.

At the advent of the phenomena now so common around us, six years ago, no person could make himself more ridiculous than to lend a serious ear to what disagreed so much with the ordinary experiences of life. Man set up his five precious senses as the only indicators of the possible and impossible in the operations of nature around him; and he that professed to have witnessed any thing that could not be accounted for in the common way, was at once referred back to the age of hallucination and witchcraft for a solution of the mystery. Press and pulpit echoed the denunciation of the "humbug" that was turning back upon us the old days of Puritanical superstition.

But the times have changed, and that too, without any depression of the "humbug," or its "manifestations." It has been found that *facts*, and what one *sees* he sees; and the tables that walked about the room in 1848 have now as good legs as ever, and will have for some time to come; and they have set a multitude of skeptics in our country to *walking* too—in the right direction in search of those truths which concern their bright and immortal destiny.

The press and the pulpit are now, for the most part, silent; and their silence has at best more of the dogged than the dignified; and when it is broken, it is usually to turn to ridicule what cannot be overthrown by argument, or to attribute the whole matter to the agency of devils. Here is a common ground upon which infidelity and theology unite—the greater the infidel, and the more rigid the sectarian, the farther they are off from anything that looks like the "Kingdom to come."

The time has come when these manifestations are seen to be a *something*—a tangible reality, which it is in vain to deny. The authority of them does not rest upon the testimony of a few nervous old women, or hair-brained fanatics, but men in high station—men who have been for long years before the public, have won a reputation for soundness of head and heart, have seen and heard, and testified, and at last have cast themselves at the mercy of the multitude, who jeer at what they cannot, or will not understand.

Let those clergymen and those editors who boast themselves as the advocates of truth—"truth eternal, universal," wherever found, bethink them, whether their silence, or ridicule towards what they, by this time, know to be founded in truth, is not contrary to their high professions. Let them appeal to their hearts, whether they are not doing the public an injustice by withholding from them *light*, where light is needed, either for discovery of truth, or the detection of error.

If Spiritualism is doing mischief, and making people insane—filling our land with error and fanaticism—what is the duty of those whose position enables them to influence, coerce and temper the moulding elements that act upon society?—Why, to meet this "dark delusion" upon the battle-ground of truth, to be sure. Bring TRUTH with its accumulated power of ages, to bear upon error, and it will be shown to be such. But, instead of coming out boldly to the work, what have our brave occupants of the sanctum and the altar done? They have skulked behind the walls of ridicule, or neck cloth dignity, and left our poor country to its ruin! Think of it, ye guardians of the legacy of freedom descended to you from the immortal Washington! Think of it—within the short space of five or six years, two or three millions of our countrymen have subscribed to the "vile delusion" that man still exists after he has cast off his worn-out earthly body; still exists, an active conscious being; and that he can *make his existence known* to those he has left behind.

The infidel materialist stakes his all upon life; he can be happy only as he quenches all thoughts within his bosom of a life beyond the tomb; this idea is too closely connected with retribution.—While the "man of *creeds*" sanctimoniously puts out all the eyes he can that dare to look towards heaven with "Spiritual" vision, instead of through the colored glasses of his own theology. Representatives of each of these classes are the influencers of the public mind; but, alas! how do they leave them to go after the "ruinous delusion!"—If leaders with such treacherous souls as theirs were at the head of our defences to protect us from a foreign foe, heaven help their charge!—*Boston Mail.*

PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The actuality of revealments from the world of Spirits we must assume to be well established.—Most incredulous minds now admit the possibility and the reality. The remnant of unbelief requires but proper investigation.

The wonderful relations and facts of Spirit-existence are pressing their testimonies and witness upon both the consciousness and the senses of men; and in all parts of the world, the manifestations are greatly increased, so that the press is considerably fraught with the written productions, and libraries of observable size are formed from these professed issues of Spiritualism.

It forms, at once, an important epoch in the grand history of Providential events. The record is given to the world. And no observing and judicious mind can look upon it, either with indifference or ridicule. Even were there no new principles of morality and religion inculcated by these communications, the actual facts themselves command the rational consideration of the world. But they have a design uncontrolable by the mere powers of reason. They enter the mind by an internal way, first affecting the will-department, and then introduce themselves to the logical judgments.—They may sometimes be above the capabilities of reason, but when from just and good Spirits they never produce an absurdity so as to conflict with reason.

Lessons of instruction they will surely impress upon the human mind. The Spirit, the phenomena, the facts of the manifestation, are given us. But the philosophy, yet more generally remains to be understood, and to be written.

Explanations, indeed, have been attempted, but they have seemed to be incompetent and unavailing to the generality of mind. Some of them have become a little popular, but only in proportion as they are vague. Others have more weight, and that in proportion as they unite with their own best judgments and logic, the inspired teachings of the Divine Word, and the illuminated instructions of that commissioned seer and expositor, Emanuel Swedenborg.

Were the generality of Spiritualists more familiar with the almost thirty years of Spiritual intercourse which Swedenborg enjoyed, these late manifestations would appear far less marvellous, and the nature of them would be far better understood. Still there is a wonderful *newness* about them, and a true philosophy yet to be given, which is of momentous interest.

It is now just about a century since Swedenborg was in the glory of his illumination. He teaches us that all the changes and new creations in this natural world do but correspond with like changes and creations in the Spiritual world. The causes are there, the effects are here.

In 1757 there was, as he informs us, a special judgment passed upon the then existing states, in the Spiritual world, and from that period a new dispensation or order of things set in from that world, to produce corresponding results, in due time, in this world also.

Under the auspices of a higher freedom of the human mind a new development of natural science, and especially of true religion, was to course its way to actual manifestation in this external world of ours.

Judging from the realities of appearance, his statements and productions seem evidently in fulfilment. With regard to Spiritualism, we do not maintain the reliability of the communications, and our illumined author describes the dangers attending them, and those who do not investigate the writings of Swedenborg are most likely to be misled by them. We may look upon these manifestations as but the beginning of Spirit converse, and as less trusty than it will be when it comes from better Spirits, and from higher degrees of development.

Swedenborg says in his larger Diary, "When Spirits begin to converse with men, put no confidence in what they say, for they say almost any thing, and will falsify."

This seems to relate only to the *commencement*, and we have evidence that there are already improvements in the character of them, and there is ground to believe that they will yet prove to be of the most satisfactory and consoling nature. Who can read the testimony given in the last volume of Judge Edmond's without observing how multiplied are the instances where believers and new converts are greatly comforted, and attach new importance to the Holy World, of which these things are needed illustrations.

Swedenborg states, there is an intermediate state or world of Spirits between heaven and hell, whither the Spirits of the departed go as soon as they leave these mortal bodies. In this intermediate world they remain a certain period, greater or less, according to fixedness of character, until they eventually go to the heavens above, or the hells below, in their truly developed states.

Now, as he teaches, those in this intermediate condition, being in nearer affinity with the prevailing states of men on this earth, more naturally and properly communicate. And being to a great extent undeveloped Spirits, they communicate things but partially good and true. Some are even disorderly. But the good must predominate, and especially as the influences of the higher angels descend, and affect also better and improved mediums.

Some may think that these communications are but what a class of philosophers call a *priori conceptions* of the human mind, but the truth is, the Spirits enter in and produce these conceptions upon the mind of the medium. In more simple and common cases, the consciousness of the medium is in its sleeping condition, where the voluntary powers of the cerebrum have retired to their proper place of repose, and the cerebellum receives the Spirit impressions according to its states and forms of activity, and so communicates them to those within the proper sphere of the link medium.—*Boston Herald.*

PROGRESS OF CRUELTY AMONG THE ANCIENT ROMANS.—When gladiatorial shows were first instituted in Rome, the people regarded them with horror; but once accustomed to such bloody sights, they became infatuated with them, and soon the Roman politician and office-holder who found the most favor with the people, was the one who provided for them the greatest number of gladiators, to be murdered at the public shows. Cæsar, when Ædile, in the beginning of his career, gave the people such hosts of gladiators to be murdered, that the Senate became affrighted, and limited him to the number of 320 couples for any one fight.—But when this finished gentleman and masterly historian returned from his last triumph, not being restrained, he gave in the arena, to the infinite delight of the Roman people, a perfect imitation of a battle—a terrible slaughter of men, horses and elephants. We do not find recorded the exact number of men and beasts slaughtered on this occasion, for the amusement of Rome's citizens; but how great it was may be judged from the fact that on another occasion, Trajan caused 10,000 captives to slay one another in the arena. Suetonius thus describes the spectacle: "*Spectacula assidue magnifica et sumptuosa enidit. Venattones gladiatoresque et noctibus ad lycnos; nec virorum modo pugnas sed ad feminarum,*" etc. A fight by day and night, by men and women! A law was passed interdicting candidates from giving such shows, pending the election canvass. But, notwithstanding legal restrictions, the people sold themselves to the candidate who would promise them the greatest gladiatorial slaughter; still, as Tacitus relates, the price of the quæstorship was the magnificence of the combats the quæstorship was to give. From having, in the beginning, looked with horror at a single gladiatorial combat, the people, by degrees, became hardened, till, at last, they found their chief delight in witnessing wholesale carnage in the arena. At last, simply viewing such sights did not satisfy them, and we find the sun of Rome ultimately extinguished in blood, the free people, of their own accord, entering the arena to kill one another, and even an Emperor fighting among them.

In order that the excitements of the arena should not eclipse those of the theater, the most literary and refined classes were provided there with equally fascinating recreations of the demoniac order. The tragedies of the death of Hercules in flames—of Atys attacked by a wild boar—of Prometheus chained to a rock, with a vulture gnawing his vitals, etc., were given with human victims, with slight changes of text when needed—as in the representations of Prometheus, where the vulture was replaced by a wild beast. These victims were either criminals or slaves, condemned to such death simply at a master's will or caprice. One master, Manutius Basilica, is especially mentioned for the atrocious manner in which he mutilated his slaves by way of punishment for their faults. There was no law to prevent him. The slaves were his for use or abuse. So says Seneca: "*Quum in servum omnia liecant.*" Another Roman, Vedius, amused himself by feeding wild beasts with his slaves. This was their punishment for the slightest offence. At a feast given by this gentleman to the Emperor Augustus—he being in the first society—a slave accidentally broke a crystal vase. Immediately the slave threw himself at the Emperor's feet, and implored that Vedius should not condemn him to be eaten—these are the very words of Seneca—*ne esca fieret.* Augustus was so indignant that he broke all the vases of Vedius, and protected the slave, but it is not related that he otherwise punished the master. And how much better was Augustus than Vedius?—This we may learn from Plutarch, who tells us that Augustus had his man of business, Eros, crucified to the mast of his ship, because the slave killed a very valuable fighting-bird.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—In his lecture on "Success," Mr. Curtis thus introduced his tribute to Goldsmith:

"The book that sells is the successful book.—Dickens and Washington Irving sold, but there are scores of sickly sentimental emasculated novels that sell better. Here is the fifty-thousandth copy of the book, cries the publisher; and yet it is not a book illuminated with one ray of genius or power, or which took any literary rank.

"One almost dreads to read a 'successful' book in these days—for our standard made the publisher's account-book the measure of the author's success. The immense sale of a book may be as much a matter of pruriency as of mental appreciation. Should we take popularity for success?—Popularity was only an idle wind, usually blowing toward a vacuum. Are you a 'lion' to-day because you have burned the heart of the world with your ardent soul? I am the lion to-morrow because I scull across the river in a wooden dipper, and you are quite forsaken. Of this intense work you told me that 10,000 copies have been sold within the last ten minutes, and I agree that by such a standard it is successful.

"But there is a book of which the manuscript was sold for £60, at which the publisher curled lips, and thought that he had made a poor bargain; yet the world holds it to its heart; and it is a power and a friend to every man here. The oldest and the most loved of our own authors confessed that, if he had any excellence, it was awakened by the tender touch of that genius.

"We all know his story. No man whom history names was loved more fondly. In youth, in manhood, we hang over his sweet pages, and confess the charm, that time, which destroys, will only enhance. How much dearer he is than Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds, Walpole. He lived in poor rooms, quarreled with his landlady, was not always sure of a dinner. The wise did not ask him to drive in the park.

"The King of England did not ask his most illustrious subject to Court. His best friends smiled at him—Johnson scolded while he loved him—Boswell, of course, was jealous of him—Reynolds at last hated his portrait—and Horace Walpole, the pet of London society, the son of the great Prime Minister, the stripling who could select Gray, the poet, as his traveling companion—the literary coxcomb looked at his master and called him an "inspired idiot." Forty-six years of hard labor, carrying a heart like a palm branch to set a discordant world at peace, writing book after book, in which human thought lies in the expression as pearls lie in clear waters—then the gentlest satirist, ever touched with human folly—the most humane of essayists—the most graceful and genial of novelists—the most pensive of poets—the man whose mind was so naturally just and so variously gifted that its force is forgotten in its exquisite proportion—like the strength of the Parthenon and the genius of Washington—after forty-six years of a hard life, beggaring himself to relieve beggary, died a man whom your hearts have already indicated—Oliver Goldsmith, who, with his Vicar of Wakefield and his poems, remains a friend to us and the world forever. (Applause.) Probably there were not 50,000 copies of the work sold in fifty years after its publication.

PHOSPHORUS.—We cut the following from the Boston Transcript. Our readers will remember that in the discourse we published last week, of Necromancy, it was declared that the ancient Necromancers used phosphorus to accomplish their purposes; but in the following article, the writer asserts that it was first discovered by Brand, only two hundred years ago. Which is right? May not phosphorus have been known to the ancients? and may not the use of it be reckoned among the "Lost Arts?"—*New Era.*

PHOSPHORUS.—It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery then considered, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then traveled and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorus to kings and nobles. In appearance phosphorus resembles beeswax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber.—Its name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies, "light-bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self-luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent greenish light. Phosphorus dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorized oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experimentalist looks like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most remarkable thing concerning it. Every other substance with which we are acquainted can be traced either to the earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all animals, man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body, the brain yields by analysis more phosphorus than any other. This fact is of no little moment. Every thought has, perhaps a phosphoric source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a single discovery is made, many years elapse before any application of it is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus. It is only the other day that it was sold at five shillings an ounce; now it is so cheap that the penniless portion of our population hawk it about in the form of matches. But what a noble, life, light, and fire-giving office does it fill! For commercial purposes—match-making—phosphorus is extracted from burnt bones. The demand for it is now so great that many tons are annually prepared. When Kraft traveled he had not more than half an ounce "to set before the king!"

SPIRITUALISM — OUR POSITION.—Time, which proves all things, and mellows all things—which creates new issues and new aspirations—new hopes and new desires, shedding more celestial light on the benighted world, has passed to be numbered with ages gone. In its flight pure scintillations of the future have dawned upon us, and to-day the mind revels in ecstatic bliss while wandering in other spheres far more beautiful than this, where dwell the fairest of earth's children, pure, spotless and holy. Why do we shudder at the thought of Death? Why shrink away from the light which angels are ever shedding around us? Is it because the mind is seeking spiritual knowledge? Is it because we wish to know why we live, and when we die where the spirit exists? Think you that this is why the human family tremble at the sound of the approaching footsteps of Death? Ah! no! no! this is not why! Is it because the mind is chained to gross matter and instinctively shrinks back from the far-searching light, overawed and amazed at its transcendent beauty? Hence the cold sneer of the skeptic, the proud smile of the materialistic, the insinuating chuckle of the fool, the knowing look of the bigot! It is enough for *them* to live and enjoy life. Why pause to think of the future? It is all dark before them—no gay-lighted saloon allures them onward—the far-off distant land has no charm for them! Too true, we apprehend, such is the case. Poor deluded victims of sensuality and lust! How fleeting are *thy* pleasures—how ominous of evil thy future destiny.

But little over one short year ago, the public mind became greatly agitated at the promulgation of a new and inexplicable phenomenon. Public feeling, like the angry ocean, swayed to and fro, and those who ventured out into the turbulent waters, were almost universally denounced as worse than impostors—aye, idiots! Feeling an inherent strength in the cause of Truth, we launched our little boat upon the sea, and although the waves beat against her prow, and the winds howled hideously, yet she calmy kept on her course and bravely outrode the storm. Time on its aerial wings has passed, but no change has been wrought in the mind of the pilot. New light has burst upon our vision, and this hour we would rather yield all our earthly possessions than the cheering thought that guardian spirits hover about us to love, guide and protect. "We have emerged from the dark shadow and valley" of ignorance and superstition—we have put off the cold, chilly, meaningless formality of the world, and from Nature we look upward to Nature's God, and learn the beautiful lessons taught us there. Is this fanaticism? Well, be it so! Is it weakness? Then we plead guilty to the charge. Is it mere speculation? Then, indeed, the world is but a bubble, heaven is visionary, and life is *naught.*—*Derby Journal.*

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.—In the tribe of Neggdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and heaven will reward you." The bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse, and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."—"And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."—Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from his horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.